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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTIETH.

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S W I F T ' S

P O E M S.

VOLUME II.

POEMS

By Dr. SWIFT.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

March 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the Fates decree,
Shall ſtill be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are ſick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of ſpectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying ſtuff.
Yet, ſince from reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing thought,
Which can, in ſpite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the graveſt of Divines
Accept for once ſome ſerious lines.
Although we now can form no more
Long ſchemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running faſt,
Can look with joy on what is paſt.

Were future happineſs and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheiſts argue, to entice
And fit their proſelytes for vice
(The only comfort they propoſe,
To have companions in their woes):
Grant this the caſe; yet ſure 'tis hard
That virtue, ſtyl'd its own reward,
And by all ſages underſtood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will aſſwage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age,
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine through life's declining part.
Say, Stella; feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well-ſpent?
Your ſkilful hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing wretches from the grave;
And then ſupporting with your ſtore
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates.
Your generous boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent friend;
That courage which can make you juſt
To merit humbled in the duſt;
The deteſtation you expreſs
For vice in all its glittering dreſs;

That

That patience under tottering pain,
Where ſtubborn Stoicks would complain,
Muſt theſe like empty ſhadows paſs,
Or forms reflected from a glaſs?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been ſtill ſupply'd,
It muſt a thouſand times have died.
Then who with reaſon can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action paſt,
And ſtill continued by the laſt?
Then, who with reaſon can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
Believe me, Stella, when you ſhow
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For Virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where ſhe has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on:
She at your ſickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better ſtate.

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, ſurely me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly would your ſuffering ſhare;
Or give my ſcrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whoſe care ſo oft' I owe
That I 'm alive to tell you ſo.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

Paraphraſed, and inſcribed to IRELAND. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating iſle, toſt on ill-fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by *fate* to be the land of ſlaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted ſtand:
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Although the metaphor be worn and ſtale,
Betwixt a ſtate, and veſſel under ſail;
Let me ſuppoſe thee for a ſhip a-while,
And thus addreſs thee in the ſailor's ſtyle:

UNHAPPY ſhip, thou art return'd in vain:
New waves ſhall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyſelf, and be no more the ſport
Of giddy winds, but make ſome friendly port.

Loſt

Loſt are thy oars, that us'd thy courſe to guide,
Like faithful counſellors on either ſide.
Thy maſt, which like ſome aged patriot ſtood
The ſingle pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a ſtaff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough *auſtern* wind.
Your cables burſt, and you muſt quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the ſtrong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a ſudden tempeſt is thy ſail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when ſome writer in a public cauſe
His pen, to ſave a ſinking nation, draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper-ſail;
Till power, diſcharging all her ſtormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation ſcar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his truſt in popular breath.

A larger ſacrifice in vain you vow;
There 's not a power above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft' Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heaven relief expects.

'Twill not avail, when thy ſtrong ſides are broke,
That thy deſcent is from the Britiſh oak;
Or, when your name and family you boaſt,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coaſt.
Such was Ierne's claim, as juſt as thine,
Her ſons deſcended from the Britiſh line;

Her maſchleſs ſons, whoſe valour ſtill remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns:
Yet, from an empreſs now a captive grown,
She ſav'd Britannia's rights, and loſt her own.
In ſhips decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded ſtern and painted ſides;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and fattins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enſlav'd.
Dear veſſel, ſtill be to thy ſteerage juſt,
Nor change thy courſe with every ſudden guſt;
Like ſupple patriots of the modern ſort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and ſea-ſick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy ſafety cares diſtract my mind;
As thoſe who long have ſtood the ſtorms of ſtate
Retire, yet ſtill bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the ſurges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry ſhore.
They lie, alas! too eaſy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the iſland round.

VERSES

VERSES ON THE SUDDEN DRYING-UP OF ST. PATRICK'S-WELL,

NEAR TRINITY-COLLEGE, DUBLIN, 1726.

BY holy zeal inſpir'd, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite iſle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy * o'er-run.
Ierne, to the world's remoteſt parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
Hither from Colchos †, with the fleecy ore,
Jaſon arriv'd two thouſand years before.
Thee, happy iſland, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown ‡:

* Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and where he received his miſſion; and becauſe he had his new birth there, hence, by poetical licence, and by ſcripture-figure, our author calls that country his native Italy. IRISH ED.

† Orpheus, or the antient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, ſays, that Jaſon, who manned the ſhip Argos at Theſſaly, ſailed to Ireland. IRISH ED.

‡ Tacitus, in the life of Julius Agricola, ſays, that the harbours of Ireland, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than thoſe of Britain. IRISH ED.

From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial ſons, whom now they dare deſpiſe,
Did once their land ſubdue and civilize:
Their dreſs, their language, and the Scottiſh *name*,
Confeſs the ſoil from whence the victors came *.
Well may they boaſt that ancient blood, which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger ſons †,

A con-

* The argument here turns on, what the author of courſe took for granted, the preſent Scots being the deſcendants of Iriſh emigrants. This fact, however true, was not in Dr. Swift's time aſcertained with any degree of preciſion. Ireland even to this day "remains ſuper-"ſtitiouſly devoted to her antient hiſtory," and "wraps "herſelf in the gloom of her own legendary annals." Mr. Whitaker has diſplayed an uncommon fund of knowledge on this very curious ſubject, both in his "Hiſtory of Mancheſter," and in "The Genuine "Hiſtory of the Britons aſſerted." N.

† "The Scots (ſays Dr. Robertſon) carry their pre-"tenſions to antiquity as high as any of their neigh-"bours. Relying upon uncertain legends, and the tra-"ditions of their bards, ſtill more uncertain, they rec-"kon up a ſeries of kings ſeveral ages *before* the birth "of Chriſt; and give a particular detail of occurrences, "which happened in their reigns. In the beginning of "the ſixteenth century, John Major and Hector "Boëthius publiſhed their Hiſtories of Scotland; the "former a ſuccinct and dry writer, the latter a copious

"and

A conqueſt and a colony from thee.
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of ſlavery they felt:
Not ſo with thee thy baſe invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid *,
Thoſe whom they could not conquer, they betray'd.

" and florid one; and both equally credulous. Not " many years after, Buchanan undertook the ſame " work; and if his accuracy and impartiality had been " in any degree equal to the elegance of his taſte, and " to the purity and vigour of his ſtyle, his hiſtory might " be placed on a level with the moſt admired compoſi- " tions of the ancients. But, inſtead of rejecting the " improbable tales of Chronicle-writers, he was at the " utmoſt pains to adorn them, and hath cloathed with " all the beauties and graces of fiction thoſe legends " which formerly had only its wildneſs and extrava- " gance."—On the authority of Buchanan and his prede- ceſſors the hiſtorical part of this poem ſeems founded, as well as the notes ſigned IRISH ED. ſome of which, I believe, were written by the Dean himſelf. N.

* In the reign of king Henry II, Dermot M'Mor- rough, king of Leinſter, being deprived of his king- dom by Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, he invited the Engliſh over as auxiliaries, and promiſed Richard Strangbow earl of Pembroke his daughter and all his dominions as a portion. By this aſſiſtance, M'Morrough recovered his crown, and Strangbow be- came poſſeſſed of all Leinſter. IRISH ED.

Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful iſle!
Not by thy valour, but ſuperior guile:
Britain, with ſhame, confeſs this land of mine
Firſt taught thee human knowledge and divine *;
My prelates and my ſtudents, ſent from hence,
Made your ſons converts both to God and ſenſe:
Not like the paſtors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

Wretched Ierne! with what grief I ſee
The fatal changes Time hath made in thee!
The Chriſtian rites I introduc'd in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!
Freedom and virtue in thy ſons I found,
Who now in vice and ſlavery are drown'd.

By faith and prayer, this croſier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd ſerpent from thy land;
The ſhepherd in his bower might ſleep or ſing †,
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor ſcorpion's ſting.

* St. Patrick arrived in Ireland in the year 431, and compleated the converſion of the natives, which had been begun by Palladius and others. And, as biſhop Nicholſon obſerves, Ireland ſoon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Weſtern Chriſtians, as well as the Engliſh, had recourſe, not only for inſtructions in the principles of religion, but in all ſorts of literature, *viz. Legendi et Scholaſticæ eruditionis gratiâ.* IRISH ED.

† There are no ſnakes, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here until about the year 1700. The magpyes came a ſhort time before; and the Norway rats ſince. IRISH ED.

With

With omens oft' I ſtrove to warn thy ſwains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I ſent the magpye from the Britiſh ſoil,
With reſtleſs beak thy blooming fruit to ſpoil;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What elſe are thoſe thou ſeeſt in biſhops' geer,
Who crop the nurſeries of learning here;
Aſpiring, greedy, full of ſenſeleſs prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the ſtate?

As you grew more degenerate and baſe,
I ſent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of inſects vile, who ſpread their ſpawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauſeous brood, that fills your ſenate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!

See, where that new-devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And ſudden ſpreads a numerous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fiſh, of fruits thy land.

Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which ſmoothly flows,
And bleſſings equally on all beſtows.
Here, from the neighbouring * nurſery of arts,
The ſtudents, drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;

* The univerſity of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by queen Elizabeth in 1591. IRISH ED.

Here,

Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my ſpring their Hippocrene.
Diſcourag'd youths! now all their hopes muſt fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a ſlaviſh court,
And by their ſweat procure a mean ſupport;
Or, for the claſſicks, read "Th' Attorney's Guide;"*
Collect exciſe, or wait upon the tide.
Oh! had I been apoſtle to the Swiſs,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died.
Thou ſtill with tyrants in ſucceſſion curſt,
The laſt invaders trampling on the firſt:
Nor fondly hope for ſome reverſe of fate,
Virtue herſelf would now return too late.
Not half thy courſe of miſery is run,
Thy greateſt evils yet are ſcarce begun.
Soon ſhall thy ſons (the time is juſt at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When, for the uſe of no Hibernian born,
Shall riſe one blade of graſs, one ear of corn;
When ſhells and leather ſhall for money paſs,
Nor thy oppreſſing lords afford thee braſs*.
But all turn leaſers to that † mongrel breed,
Who, from thee ſprung, yet on thy vitals feed;

* Wood's ruinous project in 1724. IRISH ED.

† The abſentees, who ſpent the income of their Iriſh eſtates, places, and penſions, in England. IRISH ED.

Who

Who to yon ravenous iſle thy treaſures bear,
And waſte in luxury thy harveſts there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jeſt of wits, and to the court unknown.
I ſcorn thy ſpurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage reſign.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES

CALLED

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION,

BY WHICH HE MEANS PRIDE.

1726.

IF there be truth in what you ſing,
Such god-like virtues in the king;
A miniſter * ſo fill'd with zeal
And wiſdom for the common-weal:
If he † who in the chair preſides
So ſteadily the ſenate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are ſeconds in the glorious ſcheme:
If every peer, whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you atteſt,
What land was ever half ſo bleſt?

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

† Sir Spencer Compton, then ſpeaker, afterwards earl of Wilmington.

No

No falſehood now among the great,
And tradeſmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench ſage Juſtice ſhines;
Her ſcale to neither ſide inclines:
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne:
For ſuch is good-example's power,
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wiſe;
Or elſe the trueſt maxim lyes:
For ſo we find all ancient ſages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the ſun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have nam'd at leaſt a ſcore
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If poſſible, as good as he?
Or take it in a different view.
I aſk (if what you ſay be true)
If you affirm the preſent age
Deſerves your ſatire's keeneſt rage:
If that ſame *univerſal paſſion*
With every vice hath fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A ſingle ſtep beneath the crown:
If clergymen, to ſhew their wit,
Praiſe *claſſicks* more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the ſenate-houſe can run,

And ſell their votes at ſuch a rate,
As will retrieve a loſt eſtate:
If law be ſuch a partial whore,
To ſpare the rich, and plague the poor:
If theft be of all crimes the worſt,
What land was ever half ſo curſt?

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

QUOTH the thief to the dog, let me into your door,
And I 'll give you theſe delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I ſhall then be more villain than you 're,
And beſides muſt be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not ſerve me a meal,
But my maſter each day gives me bread;
You 'll fly, when you get what you came here to ſteal,
And I muſt be hang'd in your ſtead.

The ſtock-jobber thus from Change-alley goes down,
And tips you the freeman a wink;
Let me have but your vote to ſerve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night would be ſpent!
Your offers of bribery ceaſe:
I 'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay rent,
Or elſe I may forfeit my leaſe.

From London they come, filly people to chouſe,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who 'd vote a rogue into the parliament-houſe,
That would turn a *man out* of his own?

ADVICE

TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS. 1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haſte;
Ye rhymers dead as ſoon as born,
Not yet conſign'd to paſte;

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your ſtill-born poems ſhall revive,
And ſcorn to wrap up ſpice.

Get all your verſes printed fair,
Then let them well be dried;
And Curll muſt have a ſpecial care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend theſe to paper-ſparing* Pope;
And when he ſits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And ſwear they are your own.

* The original copy of Mr. Pope's celebrated tranſlation of Homer (preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum) is almoſt entirely written on the covers of letters, and ſometimes between the lines of the letters themſelves. N.

TO

TO A LADY,

Who deſired the AUTHOR to write ſome Verſes upon her in the Heroic Style.

Written at LONDON in 1726.

AFTER venting all my ſpite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my buſy Muſe employ'd
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you politive and fretful,
Heedleſs, ignorant, forgetful?
Thoſe, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.
Hearken what my lady ſays:
Have I nothing then to praiſe?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault ſhould move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to paſſion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be leſs
Set on reading than on dreſs;
If I always ſeem too dull t'ye;
I can ſolve the diffi—culty.
You would teach me to be wiſe;
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to ſhine in converſation,
And with credit fill my ſtation;

How to reliſh notions high;
How to live, and how to die.
But t was decreed by Fate—
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know, you can diſcern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth inſtill'd,
Have my ſoul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they center,
Nor will let your leſſons enter.
Bred a fondling and an heireſs;
Dreſt like any Lady Mayoreſs;
Cocker'd by the ſervants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continual play-day,—
Balls, and maſquerades, and ſhows,
Viſits, plays, and powder'd beaux.
Thus you have my caſe at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Thoſe materials I have furniſh'd,
When by you refin'd and burniſh'd,
Muſt, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a Poem.
But, I beg, ſuſpend a while
That ſame paultry, burleſque ſtyle;
Drop for once your conſtant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court nor Parliament can 'ſcape you;

Treat

Treat the publick and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
Sing my praiſe in ſtrain ſublime:
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but juſt, you ſhould produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuſe;
Not to publiſh every trifle,
And my few perfections ſtifle.
With ſome gifts at leaſt endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I ſpightful, proud, unjuſt?
Did I ever break my truſt?
Which of all our *modern* dames
Cenſures leſs, or leſs defames?
In good-manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I eſteem expreſs'd
For a coxcomb gaily dreſs'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to ſneer and gibe?
Who with leſs deſigning ends
Kindlier entertains her friends;
With good words and countenance ſprightly,
Strives to treat them more politely?
Think not cards my chief diverſion:
'Tis a wrong, unjuſt aſperſion:

Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to doſe my head like *laudanum*.
We by play, as men by drinking,
Paſs our nights, to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leiſure,
I ſhall read and think with pleaſure;
Converſation learn to reliſh,
And with books my mind embelliſh.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you muſt reply.
Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All theſe praiſes are your due.
You, like ſome acute philoſopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloſs over;
Placing in the ſtrongeſt light
All your virtues to my ſight.
Though you lead a blameleſs life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Anſwer all domeſtic ends:
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging ſway,
Servants love you, and obey;
Though you treat us with a ſmile;
Clear your looks, and ſmooth your ſtyle;
Load our plates from every diſh;
This is not the thing we wiſh.
Colonel —— may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.

You muſt learn, if you would gain us,
With good ſenſe to entertain us.
  Scholars, when good ſenſe deſcribing,
Call it *taſting* and *imbibing*:
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to underſtand and think:
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us;
To diſcourſe, and to attend;
Is, to *help* yourſelf and friend.
Converſation is but *carving*;
Carve for all, yourſelf is ſtarving:
Give no more to every gueſt,
Than he 's able to digeſt;
Give him always of the prime;
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but juſt enough:
Let them neither ſtarve nor ſtuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours *carve* for you.
This compariſon will hold;
Could it well in rhyme be told
How converſing, liſtening, thinking,
Juſtly may reſemble drinking;
For a friend a glaſs you fill;
What is this but to inſtill?
  To conclude this long eſſay;
Pardon, if I diſobey;
Nor, againſt my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic ſtrain.

I, as all the pariſh knows,
Hardly can be grave in proſe:
Still to laſh, and laſhing ſmile,
Ill befits a lofty ſtyle.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked miniſters of ſtate
I can eaſier ſcorn than hate;
And I find it anſwers right:
Scorn torments them more than ſpight.
All the vices of a court
Do but ſerve to make me ſport.
Were I in ſome foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;
Should a monkey wear a crown,
Muſt I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine,
'Spy the ſtrutting, chattering vermin?
Safely write a ſmart lampoon,
To expoſe the briſk baboon*?
When my Muſe officious ventures
On the nation's repreſenters:
Teaching by what *golden* rules
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whoſe oars, like ſlaves, they all pull;
Let the veſſel ſplit on ſhelves;
With the freight enrich themſelves:

* This poem, for an obvious reaſon, has been mutilated in many editions. N.

Safe

Safe within my little wherry,
All their madneſs makes me merry:
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever-laughing ſage,
In a jeſt I ſpend my rage
(Though it muſt be underſtood,
I would hang them, if I cou'd):
If I can but fill my nitch,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wiſe to rule the ſtate.
Pulteney deep, accompliſh'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, though the ſmell be noiſome,
Strip their bums; let * Caleb hoiſe 'em;
Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and ſkip.
Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean:
What can all this paſſion mean?
Mention courts! you 'll ne'er be quiet
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your ſtation;
Come to uſe and application:
Nor with ſenates keep a fuſs.
I ſubmit; and anſwer thus:

* Caleb D'Anvers was the name aſſumed by Amhurſt, the oſtenſible writer of The Craftſman. This unfortunate man was neglected by his noble patrons, and died in want and obſcurity. N.

If the machinations brewing,
To compleat the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buſkins,
Mournful elegies on * Blueſkins.
If I laugh at Whig and Tory;
I conclude *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will ſcarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I muſt inſiſt on: for, as
It is well obſerv'd by † Horace,
Ridicule hath greater power
To reform the world, than four.
Horſes thus, let jockies judge elſe,
Switches better guide than cudgels.
Baſtings heavy, dry, obtuſe,
Only dulneſs can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the ſpirits all a-working.
Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you leſs than merriment.
I may ſtorm and rage in vain;
It but ſtupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination ſcope;
Never lets your mind elope;

* The famous thief, who, whilſt on his trial at the Old Bailey, ſtabbed Jonathan Wild. N.

† "Ridiculum acri, &c."

Drives

Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reaſon and invention.
For your ſake, as well as mine,
I the lofty ſtyle decline.
I ſhould make a figure ſcurvy,
And your head turn topſy-turvy.
I, who love to have a fling
Both at ſenate-houſe and king;
That they might ſome better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to ſhew their vices odious;
Which I choſe to make appear,
Not by anger, but a ſneer.
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by ſtorming
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderneſs my greateſt fault);
Would you have me change my ſtyle?
Or your faults no longer ſmile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's Morals,
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wiſdom's uſe?
If I treat you like a crown'd-head,
You have cheap enough compounded,
Can you put in higher claims,
Than the owners of St. James.
You are not ſo great a grievance,
As the lurchings of St. Stephen's.

You

You are of a lower claſs
Than my friend Sir Robert Braſs.
None of theſe have mercy found:
I have laugh'd, and laſh'd them round.
Have you ſeen a rocket fly?
You would ſwear it pierc'd the ſky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Burſting into pieces there:
Thouſand ſparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown:
See what mirth the ſport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, ſhould I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a ſtyle ſublime,
Such a rocket is my Muſe:
Should I lofty numbers chuſe,
Ere I reach'd Parnaſſus' top,
I ſhould burſt, and burſting drop;
All my *fire* would fall in ſcraps;
Give your head ſome gentle raps;
Only make it ſmart a while:
Then could I forbear to ſmile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon ſight
To decide of wrong and right;
Talk with ſenſe whate'er you pleaſe on;
Learn to reliſh truth and reaſon?
Thus we both ſhall gain our prize:
I to laugh, and you grow wiſe.

A YOUN

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT,

FOR

The Stay of the DEAN in ENGLAND. 1726.

BLOW, ye Zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the ſwelling ſails.
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident ſtrong;
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the roſe in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently waſh'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune, lull aſleep
Ruffling ſtorms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous ſtate,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my Golden Fleece;
Argo, bring him to his Greece.
Will Cadenus longer ſtay?
Come, Cadenus, come away;
Come with all the haſte of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee;
Luſcious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inſpiring juſt delight;

All

All are ripe, and courting ſue
To be pluck'd and preſs'd by you.
Pinks have loſt their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head,
Every flower languid ſeems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wondrous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadenus, bleſs once more,
Bleſs again thy native ſhore;
Bleſs again this drooping iſle,
Make its weeping beauties ſmile,
Beauties that thine abſence mourn,
Beauties wiſhing thy return.
Come, Cadenus, come with haſte,
Come before the winter's blaſt;
Swifter than the lightning fly;
Or I, like Vaneſſa, die.

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

YOU will excuſe me, I ſuppoſe,
For ſending rhyme inſtead of proſe,
Becauſe hot weather makes me lazy;
To write in metre is more eaſy.
While you are trudging London town,
I 'm ſtroling Dublin up and down;

While

While you converſe with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at eaſe,
I chuſe companions as I pleaſe.
I 'd rather have one ſingle ſhelf
Than all my friends, except yourſelf;
For, after all that can be ſaid,
Our beſt acquaintance are the dead.
While you 're in raptures with Fauſtina *;
I 'm charm'd at home with our Sheelina.
While you are ſtarving there in ſtate,
I 'm cramming here with butchers meat.
You ſay, when with thoſe lords you dine,
They treat you with the beſt of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why ſo can we, as well as they.
No reaſon then, my dear good Dean,
But you ſhould travel home again.
What though you may n't in Ireland hope
To find ſuch folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would ſhare
But half the wit that you can ſpare,
I 'd lay twelve eggs, that, in twelve days,
You 'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.
Our weather 's good, our ſky is clear,
We 've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and ſo bright a ſky
Was never ſeen by Ireland's eye!

* Signora Fauſtina, a famous Italian ſinger.

I think

I think it fit to let you know,
This week I ſhall to Quilca go;
To ſee M'Fayden's horney brothers,
Firſt ſuck, and after bull their mothers;
To ſee, alas! my wither'd trees!
To ſee what all the country ſees!
My ſtunted quicks, my famiſh'd beeves,
My ſervants ſuch a pack of thieves;
My ſhatter'd firs, my blaſted oaks,
My houſe in common to all folks;
No cabbage for a ſingle ſnail,
My turnips, carrots, parſnips, fail;
My no green peas, my few green ſprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horſes rid, or gone aſtray;
My fiſh all ſtol'n, or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry ſtarv'd, the corn all ſold.
A man, come now from Quilca, ſays,
"*They* 've* ſtol'n the locks from all your keys:"
But, what muſt fret and vex me more,
He ſays, "*They* ſtole the keys before.
"*They* 've ſtolen the knives from all the forks;
"And half the cows from half the ſturks."
Nay more, the fellow ſwears and vows,
"*They* 've ſtol'n the ſturks from half the cows:"

* *They* is the grand thief of the county of Cavan; for whatever is ſtolen, if you enquire of a ſervant about it, the anſwer is, "*They* have ſtolen it." FAULKNER.

With

With many more accounts of woe;
Yet, though the devil be there, I 'll go:
Twixt you and me, the reaſon 's clear,
Becauſe I 've more vexation here.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

GREAT Sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whoſe verſes far his rays out-ſhine,
Look down upon your quondam foe;
Oh! let me never write again,
If e'er I diſoblige you, Dean,
Should you compaſſion ſhow.

Take thoſe Iambicks which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,
And give them to your cook,
To ſinge your fowl, or ſave your paſte,
The next time when you have a feaſt;
They 'll ſave you many a book.

To burn them, you are not content;
I give you then my free conſent,
To ſink them in the harbour:
If not, they 'll ſerve to ſet off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twiſt in locks;
So give them to your barber.

Or, when you next your physick take,
I must intreat you then to make
A proper application;
'Tis what I've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts, and many more,
Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the strong pursue,
A goose attack a swan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her husband's hands and face assail,
While he's no longer man.

Though some, we find, are more discreet,
Before the world are wondrous sweet,
And let their husbands hector:
But, when the world's asleep, they wake,
That is the time they chuse to speak;
Witness the curtain-lecture.

Such was the case with you, I find;
All day you could conceal your mind;
But when St. Patrick's chymes
Awak'd your Muse (my midnight curse,
When I engag'd for better for worse),
You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done! have done! I quit the field,
'Tis you, as to my wife, I yield:
As she must wear the breeches;
So shall you wear the laurel crown,
Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own;
The poet's only riches.

BEC'S BIRTH-DAY.

November 8, 1720.

THIS day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one, she 'd give it ye:
She chuse a thread of greatest length
And doubly twifted it for ftrength;
Nor will be able with her fhears
To cut it off thefe forty years.
Then who fays care will kill a cat?
Rebecca fhews they 're out in that.
For fhe, though ever run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
As, if the gout fhould ſeize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Reſt it to th' extremeſt parts,
They give the ſick man joy, and praiſe
The gout, that will prolong his days.
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet.
For, though philoſophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,
By arbitrary power convey her;
She ne'er conſiders why, or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by ſtander;

And all her buſtling but ſupplies
The part of wholeſome exerciſe.
Thus nature hath reſolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
Long may ſhe live, and help her friends
Whene'er it ſuits her private ends;
Domeſtic buſineſs never mind
Till coffee has her ſtomach lin'd;
But, when her breakfaſt gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken-porridge;
I mean when Tiger * has been ſerv'd,
Or elſe poor Stella may be ſtarv'd.
May Bec have many an evening nap,
With Tiger ſlabbering in her lap;
But always take a ſpecial care
She does not overſet the chair!
Still be ſhe curious, never hearken
To any ſpeech but Tiger's barking!
And when ſhe 's in another ſcene,
Stella long dead, but firſt the Dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will pleaſe her better!
Whole afternoons will ſit beſide her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her,
A goodly ſet as can be found
Of hearty goſſips prating round;
Freſh from a wedding or a chriſtening,
To teach her ears the art of liſtening,

* Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog. See next pa

And pleaſe her more to hear them tattle,
Than the Dean ſtorm, or Stella rattle.
Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elyſian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her!

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER, MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

PRAY ſteal me not; I 'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whoſe heart in this four-footed thing lies.

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

Moſt of them written in 1726.

I. On a Window at an INN.

WE fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardſhips in purſuit of health;
From generous wines and coſtly fare,
And dozing in an eaſy-chair;
Purſue the Goddeſs Health in vain,
To find her in a country ſcene,
And every where her footſteps trace,
And ſee her marks in every face;
And ſtill her favourites we meet,
Crouding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh! ſo faintly we purſue,
We ne'er can have *her full* in view.

II. At an Inn in England.

THE glaſs, by lovers nonſenſe blurr'd,
Dims and obſcures our ſight:
So when our paſſions Love hath ſtirr'd,
It darkens Reaſon's light.

III. Another.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without;
And empty both within.

IV. At Chester.

MY landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l:
Your pockets grow empty,
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is ſo ſour,
'Twill give you a ſcour;
The beer and the ale
Are mingled with ſtale.
The veal is ſuch carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I have felt,
For I live on a ſmelt.

V. Another

V. Another, in CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And ſtrangers delight to walk round 'em:
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and ſellers,
For me, you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

VI. Another, at HOLYHEAD*.

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! muſt I ſtill
Be here detain'd againſt my will?
Is this your juſtice, when I 'm come
Above two hundred miles from home?
O'er mountains ſteep, o'er duſty plains,
Half choak'd with duſt, half drown'd with rains;
Only your Godſhip to implore,
To let me kiſs your other ſhore?
A boon ſo ſmall! but I may weep,
Whilſt you 're, like Baal, faſt aſleep.

VII. Another, written upon a WINDOW where there was no WRITING before.

THANKS to my ſtars, I once can ſee
A window here from ſcribbling free:
Here no conceited coxcombs paſs,
To ſcratch their paultry drabs on glaſs;
Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

* Theſe verſes are ſigned J— K—, but written, as it is præſumed, in Dr. *Swift's* hand.

VIII. On ſeeing VERSES written upon WINDOWS at INNS.

THE ſage, who ſaid he ſhould be proud
Of windows in his breaſt,
Becauſe he ne'er a thought allow'd
That might not be confeſt;

His window forawl'd by every rake,
His breaſt again would cover;
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

IX. ANOTHER.

BY Satan taught, all conjurers know
Your miſtreſs in a glaſs to ſhow,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree:
None e'er made verſes worſe than he,
And thine I ſwear are ſuch.

X. ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil, I 'll prove when requir'd;
Thoſe rhymers abundantly ſhow it:
They ſwear that they all by love are inſpir'd,
And the devil 's a damnable poet.

TO

TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

TWO-fac'd Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhime;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new-year's-gift:
She has got but half a face;
Janus, ſince thou haſt a brace,
To my lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.
God of Time, if you be wiſe,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward ſight?
Well, if you could loſe it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor * Iſle's approaching ruin,
When thy retroſpection vaſt
Sees the glorious ages paſt?
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!
Drown your morals, madam cries,
I 'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back.
Give me Time when coming on:
Who regards him when he 's gone?
By the Dean though gravely told,
New years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new year's lace
Burniſhes an old year's face:
Give me velvet and quadrille,
I 'll have *youth and beauty* ſtill.

* *Ireland.*

APAS-

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written after the News of the * King's Death.

RICHMOND-LODGE is a houſe with a ſmall park belonging to the Crown. It was uſually granted by the Crown for a leaſe of years. The Duke of Ormond was the laſt who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princeſs uſually paſſed their ſummer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL is a houſe built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now counteſs of Suffolk, and groom of the ſtole to the Queen. It is on the Middleſex ſide, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond-lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the Ice-houſe. Upon King George's death, theſe two houſes met, and had the following Dialogue.

IN ſpight of Pope, in ſpight of Gay,
And all that he or they can ſay;
Sing on I muſt, and ſing I will
Of Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill.

* George I. who died after a ſhort ſickneſs by eating a melon, at Oſnaburg, in his way to Hanover, June 11, 1727.—The poem was carried to court, and ſung to king George II. and queen Caroline.

Laſt

Laſt Friday night, as neighbours uſe,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth Marble-hill, right well I ween,
Your miſtreſs now is grown a queen:
You 'll find it ſoon by woeful proof;
She 'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we ſhould put no truſt in princes:
My royal maſter promis'd me
To raiſe me to a high degree;
But now he 's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I ſhall be ſoon forgot.
You ſee, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may ſay, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find as true!

MARBLE-HILL.

My houſe was built but for a ſhow,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now ſhe will not have a ſhilling,
To raiſe the ſtairs, or build the cieling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four ſhillings in the pound:
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.

Had

Had you and I been courtiers born,
We ſhould not thus have lain forlorn:
For thoſe we dextrous courtiers call,
Can riſe upon their maſters' *fall.*
But we, unlucky and unwiſe,
Muſt *fall* becauſe our maſters *riſe.*

RICHMOND-LODGE.

My maſter, ſcarce a fortnight ſince,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no ſuch thing,
For he 'll be poor as any *king*:
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE-HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no—wine;
My ice-houſe rob, as heretofore,
And ſteal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be ſeen
Bedraggled in my walks ſo green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here wont the Dean, when he 's to ſeek,
To ſpunge a breakfaſt once a week;
To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be ſaid,
No butter ſticks upon his bread.

We

We ſoon ſhall find him full of ſpleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His *reverence* and her *highneſs* walking:
Whilſt lady Charlotte *, like a ſtroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly ſight to ſee her ride
With ancient Mirmont † at her ſide.
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for ſhow beneath his arm.

MARBLE-HILL.

Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchaſe me, the more 's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waſte
To fit them to his vulgar taſte;
Chang'd for the worſe in every part,
My maſter Pope will break his heart.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drownded,
If e'er I ſtoop beneath a crown'd-head:
Except her majeſty prevails
To place me with the prince of Wales;
And then I ſhall be free from fears,
For he 'll be prince theſe fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And ſerve the times, as others do.

* Lady Charlotte de Rouſſy, a French lady.
† Marquis de Mirmont, a French man of quality.

Plain

MA[illegible]

Then let him com[illegible]
.In ſummer on my v[illegible]
Prefer our villas, wh[illegible]
To Kenſington, or l[illegible]
Nor ſhall I dull in f[illegible]
For 'tis to me he ow[illegible]
My groves, my echo[illegible]
Have taught him his [illegible]
We gardens, and yo[illegible]
Aſſiſt all poets in di[illegible]
Him twice a week I [illegible]
To rattle Moody * f[illegible]
An idle rogue, who [illegible]
In tippling at the *Do*[illegible]
And I can hardly ge[illegible]
Three times a week [illegible]

P.. [illegible]

Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever leſs their debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
In ſummer on my verdant lap:
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kenſington, or hot St. James's;
Nor ſhall I dull in ſilence ſit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wilderneſſes,
Aſſiſt all poets in diſtreſſes.
Him twice a week I here expect,
To rattle Moody * for neglect;
An idle rogue, who ſpends his quartridge
In tippling at the *Dog and partridge*;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to bruſh my gown.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble-hill;
But hope to ſee you flouriſh ſtill.
All happineſs—and ſo adieu.

MARBLE-HILL.

Kind Richmond-lodge, the ſame to you.

* The gardener.

DESIRE

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'TIS ſtrange, what different thoughts inſpire
In men, Poſſeſſion and Deſire!
Think what they wiſh ſo great a bleſſing;
So diſappointed when poſſeſſing!
A moraliſt profoundly ſage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale.
Poſſeſſion, and Deſire his brother,
But ſtill at variance with each other,
Were ſeen contending in a race;
And kept at firſt an equal pace:
'Tis ſaid, their courſe continued long;
For this was active, that was ſtrong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Miſled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by ſome deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through ſlippery by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
Deſire, the ſwifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew:
Till, entering on a broad high-way,
Where *power* and *titles* ſcatter'd lay,
He ſtrove to pick up all he found,
And by excurſions loſt his ground:
No ſooner got, than with diſdain
He threw *them on the ground* again;

And haſted forward to purſue
Freſh objects fairer to his view;
In hope to ſpring ſome nobler game;
But all he took was juſt the ſame:
Too ſcornful now to ſtop his pace,
He ſpurn'd them in his rival's face.
Poſſeſſion kept the beaten road;
And gather'd all his brother ſtrow'd;
But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though ſtrong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
Deſire had now the goal in ſight:
It was a tower of monſtrous height;
Where on the ſummit Fortune ſtands,
A crown and ſceptre in her hands;
Beneath a chaſm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Deſire in rapture gaz'd a while,
And ſaw the treacherous goddeſs ſmile;
But, as he climb'd to graſp the crown,
She knock'd him with the ſceptre down.
He tumbled in the gulph profound;
There doom'd to whirl an endleſs round.
Poſſeſſion's load was grown ſo great,
He ſunk beneath the cumberous weight:
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcaſe light,
And, ſtrip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardleſs of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE. 1727.

YE wiſe, inſtruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure;
Or, how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and ſcorn.
Bare innocence is no ſupport,
When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit:
All others, who inferior ſit,
Conceive themſelves in conſcience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of thoſe who want the power to riſe.
The world, a willing ſtander-by,
Inclines to aid a ſpecious lye:
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are ſtrong!
Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people ſay?
For let mankind diſcharge their tongues
In venom, till they burſt their lungs,
Their utmoſt malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;
Nor ſpoil your ſhape, diſtort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
For will you find your fortune ſink
By what they ſpeak or what they think;
Or can ten hundred thouſand lyes
Make you leſs virtuous, learn'd, or wiſe.
The moſt effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is—to let them talk.

THE

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND. 1727.

A Set of phraſes learnt by rote;
A paſſion for a ſcarlet-coat;
When at a play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reaſon why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all ſhe prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb ſit,
And take his nonſenſe all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a ſong,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in ſtore
She ſpoke ten thouſand times before;
Can ready compliments ſupply
On all occaſions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parſon's gown,
The ſight will put her in a ſwoon;
For converſation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greateſt failing;
Nor make a ſcruple to expoſe
Your bandy leg, or crooked noſe;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The ſcandal of the day before;

Improving

Improving hourly in her ſkill,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.
In chuſing lace, a critick nice,
Knows to a groat the loweſt price;
Can in her female clubs diſpute,
What linen beſt the ſilk will ſuit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouſe creeps in her ſight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So ſweetly ſcreams, if it comes near her,
She raviſhes all hearts to hear her.
Can dextrouſly her huſband teaſe,
By taking fits whene'er ſhe pleaſe;
By frequent practice learns the trick
At proper ſeaſons to be ſick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs ſo pretty,
At once creating love and pity;
If Molly happens to be careleſs,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as ſure as death,
And vows ſhe ſcarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modeſt women can
Be ſo *robuſtious*, like a man.
In party, furious to her power;
A bitter Whig, or Tory ſour;
Her arguments directly tend
Againſt the ſide ſhe would defend;
Will prove herſelf a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;

Each atom by ſome other ſtruck
All turns and motions tries:
Till, in a lump together ſtuck,
Behold a Poem riſe!

Yet to the Dean his ſhare allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, *cauſa ſine quâ non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boaſt your wit;
For, had our deaf Divine
Been for your converſation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock * thus, for preaching fam'd,
The Sexton reaſon'd well;
And juſtly half the merit claim'd,
Becauſe he *rang the bell.*

A LOVE POEM

FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Written at LONDON in the Year 1727.

BY Poets we are well aſſur'd
That Love, alas! can ne'er be *cur'd*:
A complicated heap of *ills*,
Deſpiſing *boluſes* and *pills.*

* The Dean of St. Paul's, father to the biſhop. N.

Ah!

Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since first I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty *hard-bound*,
I feels my *guts*, my *colon* wound.
Now jealously my *grumbling tripes*
Affaults with griping, grinding *gripes*.
When pity in thefe eyes I view,
My *bowels* wambling make me *fpew*.
When I an amorous kifs defign'd,
I *beleh'd* a hurricane of *wind*.
Once you a gentle figh let fall,
Remember how I *fuck'd* it all:
What *colic pangs* from thence I felt,
Had you but known, your *heart* would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
'Till Nature painted out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the *hæmorrhoids*;
And loathfome *worms* my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd;
Which, breaking out in *boils* and *blanes*,
With *yellow filth* my linen ftains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguifh'd *thirft*,
Small beer I *guzzle* till I *burft*:
And then I drag a bloated *carcafe*,
Swell'd with a *dropfy*, like a *pincufhion*,
When, if I cannot *purge* or *ftale*,
I muft be tapp'd to fill a *pail*.

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

THE Dean would visit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but slight;
I said,—Why let him, if he will:
And so I bade Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected;
And so we saw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the Devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a rush,
Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaise.

Or you may say—My wife intends,
Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends,
And, Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.

Or,

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR A. ACHESON'S. 55

Or, Mr. Dean! I should with joy
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to * Aghnacloy;
Or, Mr. Moore will take it ill.

The house accounts are daily rising;
So much his Bay doth swell the bills;
My dearest life, it is surprising,
How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff!
And they must have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His horses too eat all our hay.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow face and wainscot paws,
His beetle brows, and eyes of wall,
And make him soon give up the cause!

Must I be every moment chid
With † Skinny bones, Snipe, and Lean?
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting Tyrant Dean!

On a very old Glass at Market Hill.

FRAIL, glass! thou bear'st that name as well as I;
Though none can tell, which of us first shall die.

Answered extemporary by Dr. Swift.

ME only chance can kill; thou, frailer creature,
May'st die, like me, by chance; but must by nature.

* The seat of Acheson Moore, Esq.
† The Dean used to call Lady Acheson by those names.

ON CUTTING DOWN THE OLD THORN AT MARKET-HILL*.

AT Market-Hill, as well appears,
By chronicle of ancient date,
There ſtood for many hundred years
A ſpacious thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village-maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
Secure from Satyrs ſate and ſung.

Sir Archibald †, that valorous knight,
The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and liſten with delight;
For he was fond of rural ſtrain.

* A village near the ſeat of Sir Arthur Acheſon, where the Dean ſometimes made a long viſit. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by the Knight. Yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the abſence of Sir Arthur; who was of courſe highly incenſed, nor would ſee Swift for ſome time after. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote this poem; which had the deſired effect. N.

† Sir Archibald Acheſon, ſecretary of ſtate for Scotland.

(Sir Archibald, whoſe favorite name
Shall ſtand for ages on record,
By Scottiſh bards of higheſt fame,
Wiſe Hawthornden and Stirling's lord *.)

But time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or bloſſom to be ſeen,
Its head reclining towards the ground.

This aged, ſickly, ſapleſs thorn,
Which muſt, alas! no longer ſtand,
Behold the cruel Dean in ſcorn
Cuts down with ſacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when ſhe ſaw the blow,
Aſtoniſh'd, gave a dreadful ſhriek;
And mother Tellus trembled ſo,
She ſcarce recover'd in a week.

The Sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compaſſion, ſent
(For none could tell whoſe turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpye, lighting on the ſtock,
Stood chattering with inceſſant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock
To rouze and warn the nymph within.

* Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

The

The owl foreſaw, in penſive mood,
The ruin of her ancient ſeat;
And fled in haſte, with all her brood,
To ſeek a more ſecure retreat.

Laſt trolled forth the gentle ſwine,
To eaſe her itch againſt the ſtump,
And diſmally was heard to whine,
All as ſhe ſcrubb'd her meazly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's ſupreme decree,
Muſt die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care
Receiv'd its laſt and deadly wound,
She fled, and vaniſh'd into air.

But from the root a diſmal groan
Firſt iſſuing ſtruck the murderer's ears;
And, in a ſhrill revengeful tone,
This prophecy he trembling hears:

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
"Relentleſs Dean, to miſchief born;
"My kindred oft' thine hide ſhall gall,
"Thy gown and caſſock oft' be torn.

"And thy confederate dame, who brags
"That ſhe condemn'd me to the fire,
"Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
"And wound her legs with every brier.

"N

"Nor thou, lord Arthur *, ſhalt eſcape;
"To thee I often call'd in vain,
"Againſt that aſſaſſin in crape;
"Yet thou could'ſt tamely ſee me ſlain:

"Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
"Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy ſpouſe;
"Since you could ſee me treated ſo
"(An old retainer to your houſe):

"May that fell Dean, by whoſe command
"Was form'd this Machiavilian plot,
"Not leave a thiſtle on thy land;
"Then who will own thee for a Scot?

"Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
"Through all thy empire I foreſee,
"To tear thy hedges, join in leagues,
"Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

"And thou, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
"Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
"With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
"To hack my hallow'd timber down;

"When thou, ſuſpended high in air,
"Dy'ſt on a more ignoble tree
"(For thou ſhalt ſteal thy landlord's mare),
"Then, bloody caitif! think on me."

* Sir Arthur Acheſon.

MY LADY'S* LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN.

July 28, 1728.

SURE never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teaz'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To puniſh my ſins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe†:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never ſtops,
When he opens his chops;
I 'm quite over-run
With rebus and pun.
Before he came here
To ſpunge for good cheer,
I ſate with delight,
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or ſcratching my noſe,
And jogging my toes;
But at preſent, forſooth,
I muſt not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he ſees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And juſt as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I ſink in the ſpleen,
An uſeleſs machine.
If he had his will,
I ſhould never ſit ſtill:
He comes with his whims,
I muſt move my limbs;

* Lady Acheſon.

† See p. 55.

I cannot

I cannot be ſweet
Without uſing my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worſt of all Squires,
Through bogs and through briers,
Where a cow would be ſtartled,
I'm in ſpite of my heart led;
And, ſay what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My ſpirits quite ſhatter'd,
I return home at night,
And faſt, out of ſpite:
For I 'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er ſhould be ſaid,
I was better for him
In ſtomach or limb.
But now to my diet;
No eating in quiet,
He 's ſtill finding fault,
Too ſour or too ſalt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick;
But traſh without meaſure
I ſwallow with pleaſure.
Next for his diverſion,
He rails at my perſon:
What court-breeding is this!
He takes me to pieces:
From ſhoulder to flank
I 'm lean and am lank;
My noſe, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not ſtay,
But meets it half way:
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked ſticks:
He ſwears my el—bows
Are two iron crows,
Or ſharp-pointed rocks,
And wear out my ſmocks:
To 'ſcape them, Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his ſides they would gore
Like the tuſk of a boar.
Now, changing the ſcene,
But ſtill to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he ſees her but once,
He 'll ſwear ſhe 's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace;

Which

Which ſpoils every feature
Beſtow'd her by nature;
But ſenſe gives a grace
To the homelieſt face:
Wiſe books and reflexion
Will mend the complexion:
(A civil Divine!
I ſuppoſe, meaning mine!)
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handſome.
I gueſs well enough
What he means by this ſtuff:
He haws and he hums,
At laſt out it comes:
What, Madam? No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You're now in your prime,
Make uſe of your time.
Conſider, before
You come to threeſcore,
How the huſſies will fleer
Where'er you appear:
"That ſilly old puſs
Would fain be like us.
What a figure ſhe made
In her tarniſh'd brocade!"
And then he grows mild:
Come, be a good child:
If you are inclin'd
To poliſh your mind,
Be ador'd by the men
Till threeſcore and ten,
And kill with the ſpleen
The jades of ſixteen;
I'll ſhew you the way:
Read ſix hours a-day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.
Thus was I drawn-in;
Forgive me my ſin.
At breakfaſt he'll aſk
An account of my taſk.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miſs but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am ſerious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Muſt come in my ſight;
But, inſtead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Eſſays,
And pore every day on
That natty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge.
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confin'd.

But,

MY LADY'S LAMENTATION.

But, while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will swear,
Is at study or prayer.
He's all the day sauntering,
With labourers bantering,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among us
And bribes with mundungus).
Hail fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man;
Who makes the best figure,
he Dean or the digger;
nd which is the best
cracking a jest.
w proudly he talks
zigzacks and walks;
l all the day raves
radles and caves;
boasts of his feats,
rottos and seats;
s all his gew—gaws,
gapes for applause;
occupation
e in his station!

A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.
But, oh! how we laugh,
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green seat;
Or run helter-skelter
To his arbor, for shelter
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing:
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns, to make fires;
But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:
No more need be said on't,
I smell when I tread on't.
Dear friend, doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;

No

No 'Squire to be found
The neighbourhood round
(For, under the roſe,
I would rather chuſe thoſe);
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here, out of pity,
To eaſe a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.

So may you be ſeen
No more in the ſpleen!
May Walmſley give wine,
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley diſgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three ſpouſes
Let you lie at friends houſes!

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and ſwain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who wont to weed the court of * Gosford Knight;
While each with ſtubbed knife remov'd the roots,
That rais'd between the ſtones their daily ſhoots;
As at their work they ſate in counterview,
With mutual beauty ſmit, their paſſion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muſe, in ſweetly-flowing ſtrain
The ſoft endearments of the nymph and ſwain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than ſtrongeſt weeds that grow theſe ſtones betwixt:
My ſpud theſe nettles from the ſtones can part;
No knife ſo keen to weed thee from my heart.

* Sir Arthur Acheſon.

SHEELAH.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faſter grows,
Than yon tall dock that riſes to thy noſe.
Cut down the dock, 'twill ſprout again; but, O!
Love rooted out again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg ſhall rake:
(I ſpare the thiſtles for Sir Arthur's * ſake.)
Sharp are the ſtones; take thou this ruſhy mat;
The hardeſt bum will bruiſe with ſitting ſquat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, ſtand gaping wide;
This petticoat ſhall ſave thy dear back-ſide;
Nor need I bluſh; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing elſe but ſweat.

DERMOT.

At an old ſtubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug:
A longer ha'p'orth never did I ſee;
This, deareſt Sheelah, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry-door this morn I ſlipt,
And from the ſhelf a charming cruſt I whipt:
† Dennis was out, and I got hither ſafe;
And thou, my dear, ſhalt have the bigger half.

* Who was a great lover of Scotland.
† Sir Arthur's butler.

DERMOT.

When you ſaw Tady at long-bullets play,
You ſate and lous'd him all a ſun-ſhine day.
How could you, Sheelah, liſten to his tales,
Or crack ſuch lice as his betwixt your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Onah ſtood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and ſaw you kiſs the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch theſe naſty ſluts?
I almoſt wiſh'd this ſpud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Onah once I kiſs'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt 's my goſſip by my father's ſide:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I ſwear, though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thouſand lice, and every louſe was gold;
Him on my lap you never more ſhall ſee;
Or may I loſe my weeding-knife—and thee!

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely laſs,
A pair of * brogues to bear thee dry to maſs!
But ſee, where Norah with the ſowins comes—
Then let us riſe, and reſt our weary bums.

* Shoes with flat low heels.

ON THE

FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S-HOLE*, WITH THE DOCTOR† AT THEIR HEAD.

N. B. THE LADIES TREATED THE DOCTOR.

Sent as from an OFFICER in the ARMY. 1728.

FAIR ladies, number five,
Who, in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
To feaſt on ale and ſteaks;

While he ſits by a-grinning,
To ſee you ſafe in Sot's-hole,
Set up with greaſy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole:

Alas! I never thought,
A prieſt would pleaſe your palate;
Beſides, I 'll hold a groat,
He 'll put you in a ballad;

Where I ſhall ſee your faces
On paper daub'd ſo foul,
They 'll be no more like Graces,
Than Venus like an owl.

* An alehouſe in Dublin, famous for beef-ſteaks.
† Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

And we ſhall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe,
To think, ſuch ladies fine
Should be reduc'd ſo low
To treat a dull Divine.

Be by a Parſon cheated!
Had you been cunning ſtagers,
You might yourſelves be treated
By Captains and by Majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Inſtead of powder'd beaux,
From pulpits chuſe gallants.

If we, who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with ſnake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z—ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I 'd knock the Doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
Egad! I 'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch *;
And at The Roſe on Sunday,
The parſon ſafe at church,
I 'll treat you with burgundy.

* *Dr.* Sheridan was a ſchool-maſter.

THE FIVE LADIES ANSWER TO THE BEAU

With the WIG and WINGS at his HEAD.

YOU little ſcribbling beau,
What dæmon made you write?
Becauſe to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment ſo ſcurvy,
I wiſh we had you here;
We 'd turn you topſy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we choſe;
We 're ſure a ſingle Parſon
Is worth an hundred Beaux.

And you would make us vaſſals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To ſilver-clocks and taſſels;
You would, you Thing of Things!

Becauſe around your cane
A ring of diamonds is ſet;
And you, in ſome bye-lane,
Have gain'd a paultry grizette:

Shall we, of ſenſe refin'd,
Your trifling nonſenſe bear,
As noiſy as the wind,
As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle;
And vow and ſwear 'tis true,
There 's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY
TO THE
FIVE-LADIES ANSWER.

WHY, how now dapper Black,
I ſmell your gown and caſſock,
As ſtrong upon your back,
As Tifdall* ſmells of a ſock.

To write ſuch ſcurvy ſtuff!
Fine Ladies never do 't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine Ladies, when they write,
Nor ſcold, nor keep a ſplutter:
Their verſes give delight,
As ſoft and ſweet as butter.

But Satan never ſaw
Such haggard lines as theſe:
They ſtick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk-cheeſe.

* A clergyman in the North of Ireland, who made propoſals of marriage to Stella.

TH

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

In a LETTER to a PERSON of QUALITY. 1728.

SIR,

IT was a moſt unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal —
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Againſt the ſex to write a ſatire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a ſtring?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belye?
Muſt never our misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious tears.
Sooner ſhall, &c.

[*Here ſeveral verſes are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engag'd me firſt to write,
Then gave the ſubject out of ſpite:

The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promiſe what you claim.
My word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe; for not a line
Of all the ſatire ſhall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common ſlanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence ſecures.
Unwilling Muſe, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the ſequel),
The modern dame is wak'd by noon
(Some authors ſay, not quite ſo ſoon),
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her will,
She ſate all night up at quadrille.
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And aſks, if it be time to riſe;
Of head-ach and the ſpleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her ſlippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glaſs; and, "Betty, pray
"Don't I look frightfully to-day?
"But was it not confounded hard?
"Well, if I ever touch a card!
"Four *mattadores*, and loſe *codille*!
"Depend upon 't, I never will.

"But

"But run to Tom, and bid him fix
"The ladies here to-night by ſix."
"Madam, the goldſmith waits below;
"He ſays, "His buſineſs is to know
"If you 'll redeem the ſilver cup
"He keeps in pawn?" — "Firſt, ſhew him up."
"Your dreſſing-plate he 'll be content
"To take, for intereſt *cent. per cent.*
"And, Madam, there 's my lady Spade
"Hath ſent this letter by her maid."
"Well, I remember what ſhe won;
"And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
"Here, carry down thoſe ten piſtoles
"My huſband left to pay for coals:
"I thank my ſtars, they all are light;
"And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her uſual theme;
Her laſt night's ill-ſucceſs repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She ſlipt *ſpadillo* in her breaſt,
"Then thought to turn it to a jeſt:
"There 's Mrs. Cut and ſhe combine,
"And to each other give the ſign."
Through every game purſues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another ſcene give place:
Enter the folks with ſilks and lace:
Freſh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:

"Obſerve

" Obſerve this pattern; there 's a ſtuff;
" I can have cuſtomers enough.
" Dear madam, you are grown ſo hard —
" This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
" Madam, if there be truth in man,
" I never ſold ſo cheap a fan."
This buſineſs of importance o'er,
And madam almoſt dreſs'd by four;
The footman, in his uſual phraſe,
Comes up with, " Madam, dinner ſtays."
She anſwers, in her uſual ſtyle,
" The cook muſt keep it back a while:
" I never can have time to dreſs
" (No woman breathing takes up leſs);
" I 'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick;
" I wiſh the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now ſhe acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:
" I thought we were to dine alone,
" My dear; for ſure, if I had known
" This company would come to-day —
" But really 'tis my ſpouſe's way!
" He 's ſo unkind, he never ſends
" To tell when he invites his friends:
" I wiſh ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry ſtuff
She ſits tormenting every gueſt,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's reſt,
In phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;

You ſee the booby huſband ſit
In admiration at her wit!
But let me now a while ſurvey
Our madam o'er her evening-tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair Diſcretion left the place,
And Modeſty with bluſhing face:
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide;
Hypocriſy with frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter ſeeming like to burſt,
And Malice always judging worſt;
And Vanity with pocket-glaſs,
And Impudence with front of braſs;
And ſtudy'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my Muſe,
An hundred tongues, as poets uſe,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thouſand were too few?
Or how ſhould I, alas, relate
The ſum of all their ſenſeleſs prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and ſlanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?

Now

Now comes the general ſcandal-charge;
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lye,
"You have the tale as cheap as I:
"I muſt conceal my author's name;
"But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, fooliſh females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt ſhare?
Thus every fool herſelf deludes;
The prudes condemn the abſent prudes:
Mopſa, who ſtinks her ſpouſe to death,
Accuſes Cloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with ſweat, preſumes
To cenſure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, ſneering, ſays,
That Florimel wears iron ſtays:
Cloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women ſhould be ſuch coquets:
Iris, for ſcandal moſt notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is ſo cenſorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whiſpers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whoſe tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praiſe of ſilence:
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now

Now voices over voices riſe,
While each to be the loudeſt vies:
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle tongue one moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fiſhwives o'er a cup of gin:
Not ſchoolboys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not ſuch a clatter;
Far leſs the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with ſour election-ale.

Nor do they truſt their tongues alone,
But ſpeak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a ſhrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down:
Or, by the toſſing of the fan,
Deſcribe the lady and the man.

But ſee, the female club diſbands,
Each twenty viſits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam ſits
In vapours and hyſteric fits:
"And was not Tom this morning ſent?
"I 'd lay my life he never went:
"Paſt ſix, and not a living ſoul!
"I might by this have won a vole."

A dread-

"And truly, madam, I know when
"Inſtead of five, you ſcor'd me ten.
"*Spadillo* here has got a mark;
"A child may know it in the dark:
"I gueſt the hand: it ſeldom fails:
"I wiſh ſome folks would pare their nails."
While thus they rail, and ſcold, and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common form:
But, conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them ſenſible of ſhame.
The time too precious now to waſte,
The ſupper gobbled up in haſte;
Again afreſh to cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
But I ſhall not again repeat,
How oft' they ſquabble, ſnarl, and cheat.
At laſt they hear the watchman knock,
"A froſty morn — paſt four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
"Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haſte they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But, firſt, the winner muſt invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears
(Who now again quadrille forſwears),
With empty purſe, and aching head,
Steals to her ſleeping ſpouſe to bed.

A DIA-

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

MAD MULLINIX* AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M. I OWN, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prythee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in theſe raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you ſearch the kingdom round,
There 's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *prieſts* and *friars* —
T. 'Twixt you and me, G— d—n the lyars!
M. The Tories are gone every man o'er
To our illuſtrious houſe of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then —
T. G— d—n the lyars again!
Did not an earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aſide*.
T. Did not an able ſtateſman biſhop
This dangerous horrid motion diſh-up
As *popiſh* craft? did he not rail on 't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on 't?

* A fictitious name. See the hiſtory of this poem in the "Intelligencer," N° viii. N.

Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the Pretender;
Whoſe fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?

[*A few dull lines are here purpoſely omitted.*]

M. Theſe wrangling jars of Whig and Tory
Are ſtale and worn as Troy-town ſtory:
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want ſuch noiſy fools as you;
But you, when all the ſhow is paſt,
Reſolve to ſtand it out the laſt;
Like Martin Marrall *, gaping-on,
Not minding when the ſong is done.
When all the *bees* are gone to ſettle,
You clatter ſtill your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you lifted under
Have dropt their arms, and ſeiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is paſt, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Therſites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and ſcorn'd by thoſe
With whom he ſerv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the deteſtation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peeviſh and perpetual teazing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treaſon,

* A character in one of Dryden's comedies.

Thy

Thy buſy, never-meaning face,
Thy ſcrew'd-up front, thy ſtate-grimace,
Thy formal nods, important ſneers,
Thy whiſperings foiſted in all ears
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonſenſe wrapt up in a ſtink),
Have made thy preſence, in a true ſenſe,
To thy own ſide ſo d—n'd a nuſance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you 're too ſevere:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It ſhould be yours: but, d—n my blood!
I muſt purſue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of Glorious*:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown ſo cold,
That ſcarce a creature can be found
To prance with me the ſtatue round.
The public ſafety, I foreſee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I 'll ſputter, ſwagger, curſe, and rail,
The Tories terror, ſcourge, and flail.

M. Tim, you miſtake the matter quite;
The Tories! you are their *delight*;

* King William III.

And ſhould you act a different part,
Be grave and wiſe, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taſte I know,
And often ſee a *puppet-ſhow*:
Obſerve, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the ſcene;
But, when they hear his ruſty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two ſtraws,
How Solomon decides the cauſe,
Which the true mother, which *pretender*;
Nor liſten to the witch of Endor.
Should Fauſtus, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the ſtage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to ſtir their fancy, ſhews
In at the door his monſtrous noſe,
Then ſudden draws it back again;
O what a pleaſure mixt with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the ſtage:
And firſt his bum you ſee him clap
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap:
The duke of Lorraine drew his ſword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd,
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And ſells the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himſelf he plays the wag on,
And mounts aſtride upon the dragon;
He gets a thouſand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguiſh tricks;

In

In every action thruſts his noſe;
The reaſon why, no mortal knows
In doleful ſcenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There 's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him, if they could;
While, teazing all, by all he 's teaz'd,
How well are the ſpectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no ſhare,
But purely come to hear and ſtare;
Have no concern for Sabra's ſake,
Which gets the better, ſaint or ſnake,
Provided Punch (for there 's the jeſt)
Be ſoundly maul'd, and plague the reſt.
Thus, Tim, philoſophers ſuppoſe,
The world conſiſts of puppet-ſhows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou 'rt the Punch to ſtir up trouble in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round,
To teaze, perplex, diſturb, confound,
Intrude with monkey-grin and clatter
To interrupt all ſerious matter;
Are grown the nuiſance of your *clan*,
Who hate and ſcorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You ſtill divert with merry ſtories;

They would conſent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they 'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the ſpot,
By all this toil what haſt thou got?
If Tories muſt have all the ſport,
I fear you 'll be diſgrac'd at *court*.
T. *Got?* D—n my blood! *I frank my letters,*
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, ſimple as I now ſtand here,
Expect in time to be a peer —
Got? D—n me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er ſtand ſtill:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beaſt; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And ſons of whores — behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That, when I ſtrut, and ſtare, and ſtink,
Revile and ſlander, fume and ſtorm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With ſuch a conſtant loyal zeal
To ſerve myſelf and common-weal,
And fret the Tories' ſoul to death,
I did but loſe my precious breath;
And, when I damn my ſoul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;
Conſume my vitals! they ſhall know,
I am not to be treated ſo;
I 'd rather hang myſelf by half,
Than give thoſe raſcals cauſe to laugh.

But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once ſo renown'd, to live obſcure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There 's nimble Tim a-paſſing by!"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a *party hatred?*
Will none the Tory *dogs* purſue,
When through the ſtreets I cry *hallo?*
Muſt all my d—n me's! bloods and wounds!
Paſs only now for empty ſounds?
Shall Tory raſcals be elected,
Although I ſwear them diſaffected?
And, when I roar, "A plot, a plot!"
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualify'd to ſwear and lye,
Will they not truſt me for a *ſpy?*
Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you ſee the caſe is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to pleaſe this thankleſs town!
Or, bleſs'd with ſuch engaging parts
To win the truant ſchool-boys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their juſt reward,
Attended by the *fable guard.*
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The ſnow-ball deſtin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful ſteps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.

M. No more — in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection.

Your parts are good, 'tis not deny'd;
I wiſh they had been well apply'd.
But now obſerve my council, (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phyz;
You muſt no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace ſays, *optat ephippia*;
(There 's Latin too, that you may ſee
How much improv'd by Dr. ——).
I have a coat at home, that you may try;
'Tis juſt like this, which hangs by geometry.
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair.
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it ſo formal, and ſo curl'd;
'Twill be ſo oily and ſo ſleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You 'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of toupee and ſnake.
Thus dreſs'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know;
When firſt in public we appear,
I 'll lead the van, you keep the rear;
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Uſe all the talents of your mind;
Be ſtudious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my addreſs, and learn my ſtyle,
When to look ſcornful, when to ſmile;
Nor ſputter out your oaths ſo faſt,
But keep your ſwearing to the laſt.

Then

Then at our leiſure we 'll be witty,
And in the ſtreets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your converſation to refine,
I 'll take you to ſome friend of mine;
Choice ſpirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by uſeful arts;
Some cleanſing hollow tubes, to ſpy
Direct the zenith of the ſky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious ſteams to purge the air;
Some teach us in theſe dangerous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whoſe reforming hands engage
To laſh the lewdneſs of the age;
Some for the public ſervice go
Perpetual envoys to and fro;
Whoſe able heads ſupport the weight
Of twenty miniſters of ſtate.
We ſcorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our *bonny-clabber*:
Nor are we ſtudious to enquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is, to improve the mind
With what concerns all human-kind;
The various ſcenes of mortal life;
Who beats her huſband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a ſtroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.

One

One tells the rife of cheefe and oatmeal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a ſcold;
One ſhews how bravely Audouin dy'd,
And at the gallows all deny'd;
How by the *almanack* 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time ſo long miſ-ſpent,
By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was deſign'd,
Till politicks debas'd my mind:
I give myſelf entire to you;
G— d—n the Whigs and Tories too!

TIM* AND THE FABLES.

MY meaning will be beſt unravel'd,
When I premiſe that Tim has travel'd.
In Lucas's by chance there lay
The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
Tim ſet the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a Fable;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The Monkey who had ſeen the world:
(For Tonſon had, to help the ſale,
Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)

* See an account of him in the "Intelligencer," N° x.

The

The Monkey was completely dreſt,
The Beau in all his airs expreſt.
Tim, with ſurprize and pleaſure ſtaring,
Ran to the glaſs, and then comparing
His own ſweet figure with the print,
Diſtinguiſh'd every feature in 't,
The twiſt, the ſqueeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
Juſt as they look'd in the original.
" By —," ſays Tim, and let a fart,
" This graver underſtood his art.
" 'Tis a true copy, I 'll ſay that for 't;
" I well remember when I ſat for 't.
" My very face, as firſt I knew it;
" Juſt in this dreſs the painter drew it."
Tim, with his likeneſs deeply ſmitten,
Would read what underneath was written,
The merry tale, with moral grave.
He now began to ſtorm and rave:
" The curſed villain! now I ſee
" This was a libel meant at me:
" Theſe ſcribblers grow ſo bold of late
" Againſt us miniſters of ſtate!
" Such Jacobites as he deſerve —
" D—n me! I ſay, they ought to ſtarve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

TOM and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and ſpell his name,
But Dick had ſeen the college.

Dick

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
And both alike diverting;
Tom was held the merrier lad,
But Dick the beſt at farting.

Dick would cock his noſe in ſcorn,
But Tom was kind and loving;
Tom a foot-boy bred and born,
But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig,
But Tom was beſt at borees;
Tom would pray for every Whig,
And Dick curſe all the Tories.

Dick would make a woeful noiſe,
And ſcold at an election;
Tom huzza'd the black-guard boys,
And held them in ſubjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly ſkipt the gutter;
Tom could talk with ſolemn face,
But Dick could better ſputter.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd phyſician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler ſwing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to ſwing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep diſcerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the houſe 'tis all he ſays;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK.

A MAGGOT.

AS when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot ſallies out,
You know him by his hazel ſnout:
So when the grandſon of his grandſire
Forth iſſues wriggling, Dick Drawcanſir,
With powder'd rump and back and ſide,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipſy viſage to conceal:
For, as he ſhakes his wainſcot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in ſhow
Like a freſh t—d juſt dropt on ſnow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

FOULEST brute that ſtinks below,
Why in this brown doſt thou appear?
For, would'ſt thou make a fouler ſhow,
Thou muſt go naked all the year.
Freſh from the mud a wallowing ſow
Would then be not ſo brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks ſo dun,
His hide emits a foulneſs out;
Not one jot better looks the ſun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t—ds within a glaſs encloſe,
The glaſs will ſeem as brown as thoſe.

Thou now one heap of foulneſs art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condenſed filth in every part,
Thy body 's cloathed like thy ſoul;
Thy ſoul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying ſnuff.

Old carted bawds ſuch garments wear,
When pelted all with dirt they ſhine;
Such their *exalted* bodies are,
As ſhrivel'd and as black as thine.
If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou would'ſt be pelted worſe than they 're.

Yet,

Yet, when she see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just,
That thou should'st take an honest trade,
And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries, "Dust to carry out?"

DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules,
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C——r,
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I listen to the noise
Of ideots roaring to the boys;
To better judgements still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in;
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice
Can please at most but once or twice.
But then consider Dick, you 'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scowers the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;

He 'd

He 'd have them try'd at the aſſizes
For prieſts and jeſuits in diſguiſes;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And liſting troops for the pretender.
But Dick can fart, and dance, and friſk,
No other monkey half ſo briſk;
Now has the ſpeaker by the ears,
Next moment in the houſe of peers;
Now ſcolding at my lady Euſtace,
Or thraſhing Baby in her new ſtays.
Preſto! be gone! with t'other hop
He 's powdering in a barber's ſhop;
Now at the anti-chamber thruſting
His noſe to get the circle juſt in,
And d—ns his blood, that in the rear
He ſees one ſingle Tory there:
Then, woe be to my lord lieutenant,
Again he 'll tell him, and again on 't.

A EPITAPH
ON
GENERAL GORGES* AND LADY MEATH†

UNDER this ſtone lie Dicky and Dolly;
Doll dying firſt, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

* Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath. N.

† Dorothy dowager of Edward earl of Meath. was married to the General in 1716; and died Apr. 1728: her huſband ſurvived but two days. N.

Dick loſt in Doll a wife tender and dear:
But Dick loſt by Doll twelve hundred a year;
A loſs that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick ſigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms croſt;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he loſt:
The firſt vex'd him much, the other vex'd moſt.

Thus loaded with grief, Dick ſigh'd and he cry'd;
To live without both full three days he try'd:
But lik'd neither loſs, and ſo quietly dy'd.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray ſhed ſome tears of ſalt-water;
For ſo ſad a tale is no ſubject of laughter.

Meath ſmiles for the jointure, though gotten ſo late;
The ſon laughs, that got the hard-gotten eſtate;
And Cuffe * grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to riſe one day,
Both ſolemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here reſt—*ſic tranſit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

MY lateſt tribute here I ſend,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I conſign you down to fame
A character to praiſe or blame:
And, if the whole may paſs for true,
Contented reſt, you have your due.
Give future times the ſatisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

* John Cuffe of Deſart, Eſq; married the general's eldeſt daughter. N.

DR. SWIFT'S COMPLAINT, ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS. WITH AN ANSWER.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpleſs, left alone;

ANSWER.

Except the firſt, the fault 's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burthen grown:

ANSWER.

Becauſe to few you will be ſhewn.
Give them good wine, and meat to ſtuff,
You may have company enough.

DOCTOR.

No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANSWER.

Then write and read, 'twill do as well.

DOCTOR.

At thunder now no more I ſtart,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANSWER.

Think then of thunder when you fart.

DOCTOR.

And, what 's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have ſkill,
Sounds ſomewhat like a throwſter's mill;
But louder than a bell, or thunder;
That does, I own, increaſe my wonder.

DR.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,

ON

SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to paſs,
That you, who know muſic no more than an aſs,
That you, who ſo lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your cathedral to players and ſcrapers?
To act ſuch an opera once in a year,
So offenſive to every true Proteſtant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and ſinging,
Will ſure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
No Proteſtant Prelate, his Lordſhip or Grace,
Durſt there ſhew his Right or Moſt Reverend face:
How would it pollute their croſiers and rochets
To liſten to minims, and quavers, and crotchets!

[*The reſt is wanting.*]

ON

PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE INTELLIGENCER*.

AS a thorn-buſh, or oaken-bough,
Stuck in an Iriſh cabin's brow,

Above

* Dr. Sheridan was publiſher of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper, written principally by himſelf; but Dr.

Above the door, at country-fair,
Betokens *entertainment there*;
So *bays* on poets' brows have been
Set, for a ſign of wit within.
And, as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an ale-houſe buſh for ſpite;
The laurel ſo, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which *tears*
Thoſe ſacred leaves that *lightning ſpares.*
And now t' exemplify this moral:
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel
(Which, meaſur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd,
A trophy, on his temple-ſide);
Paddy repin'd to ſee him wear
This badge of honour in his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muſe by Smedley's † model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verſe and proſe,
Hums like a hornet at his noſe,

Swift occaſionally ſupplied him with a letter. D
lany, piqued at the approbation thoſe papers re
attacked them violently both in converſation a
print; but unfortunately ſtumbled on ſome of the
bers which the Dean had written, and all the wo
mired; which gave riſe to theſe verſes. N.

† *Dean of Ferns.* See the next poem. N.

At length preſumes to vent his ſatire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
The *eagle* in the tale, ye know,
Teaz'd by a buzzing waſp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to reſt
Securely in the thunderer's breaſt:
In vain; even there, to ſpoil his nod,
The *ſpiteful inſect* ſtung the god.

P A R O D Y

ON A

CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY*.

Written in Latin by himſelf.

THE very reverend Dean Smedley,
Of *dullneſs*, *pride*, *conceit*, a medley,
Was equally allow'd to ſhine
As *poet*, *ſcholar*, and *divine*;
With *godlineſs* could well diſpenſe,
Would be a *rake*, but wanted ſenſe;
Would ſtrictly after Truth enquire,
Becauſe he dreaded to come nigh her.
For Liberty no champion bolder,
He hated *bailiffs* at his ſhoulder.
To half the world a ſtanding jeſt,
A perfect *nuiſance* to the reſt:
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the beſt wiſhes they could give him.

* The original is in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

To all mankind a conſtant friend,
Provided they had *caſh* to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a *laconic* ſentence,
By cutting of his phraſe, and trimming,
To prove that Biſhops were old women.
Poor Envy durſt not ſhew her phiz,
She was ſo terrified at his.
He waded, without any ſhame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every ſharping trick for bread,
And after all he ſeldom ſped.
When Fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the *dice*:
But, if ſhe turn'd againſt his play,
He knew to ſtop *à quatre trois.*
Now ſound in mind, and ſound in *corpus,*
(Says he) though ſwell'd like any *porpoiſe,*
He heys from hence at forty-four
(But by his leave he ſinks a ſcore)
To The Eaſt Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchaſe an eſtate;
Where, after he has fill'd his cheſt,
He 'll mount his *tub,* and preach his beſt,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and theirs the next.
Leſt that the reader ſhould not know
The bank where laſt he ſet his toe,
'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ſhip,
And gave his creditors the ſlip.

leſt *chronology* ſhould vary,
in the Ides of February;
eventeen hundred eight and twenty,
Fort St. George a *pedlar* went he.
Fates, when all he gets is ſpent,
TURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

LUS. BY MR. LINDSAY*.

Dublin, Sept. 7, 1728.

SLAVE to crowds, ſcorch'd with the ſummer's
" heats,
urts the wretched lawyer toils and ſweats;
e ſmiling Nature, in her beſt attire,
les each ſenſe, and vernal joys inſpire.
ie, who knows that real good ſhould pleaſe,
r for gold his liberty and eaſe?"—
aulus preach'd:—When, entering at the door,
is board the client pours the ore:
ps the ſhining gift, pores o'er the cauſe,
the ſun, and dozeth on the laws.

HE ANSWER.
BY DR. SWIFT.

INDSAY miſtakes the matter quite,
And honeſt Paulus judges right.
n, why theſe quarrels to the ſun,
hout whoſe aid you 're all undone?

*. Lindſay, a polite and elegant ſcholar, at that eminent pleader in Dublin, afterwards one of ces of the court of common-pleas. N.

Did Paulus e'er complain of ſweat?
Did Paulus e'er the ſun forget;
The influence of whoſe golden beams
Soon licks up all unſavory ſteams?
The ſun, you ſay, his face hath kiſs'd:
It has; but then it greas'd his fiſt.
True lawyers, for the wiſeſt ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his ſuperficial powers
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
Not for inſpiring poets brains
With pennyleſs and ſtarveling ſtrains;
Not for his boaſted healing art;
Not for his ſkill to ſhoot the dart;
Nor yet becauſe he ſweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more ſubſtantial cauſe—
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever muſt adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an inceſtuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
By Phœbus firſt produc'd to light;
By Vulcan form'd ſo round and bright:
Then offer'd at the ſhrine of juſtice,
By clients to her prieſts and truſtees.
Nor, when we ſee Aſtræa ſtand
With even balance in her hand,
Muſt we ſuppoſe ſhe hath in view,
How to give every man his due;

Her

Her ſcales you ſee her only hold,
To weigh her prieſts' the lawyers gold.
  Now, ſhould I own your caſe was grievous,
Poor ſweaty Paulus, who 'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At leaſt, that ſuch complaints are wiſe:
'Tis wiſe, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like ſtateſmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, ſince the truth muſt needs be ſtretched,
To prove that lawyers are ſo wretched;
This paradox I 'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindſay's ſake;
By topicks, which, though I abomine 'em,
May ſerve as arguments *ad hominem*:
Yet I diſdain to offer thoſe
Made uſe of by detracting foes.
  I own, the curſes of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:
The clamours of ten thouſand tongues
Break not his reſt, nor hurt his lungs.
I own, his conſcience always free
(Provided he has got his fee);
Secure of conſtant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no ſin.
  Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always over-witted.
And though the goſpel ſeems to ſay
What heavy burthens lawyers lay
Upon the ſhoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the labour,

Always for ſaving their own bacon:
No doubt, the text is here miſtaken:
The copy's falſe, and ſenſe is rack'd:
To prove it, I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonſtration ſhew
What burthens lawyers undergo.
With early clients at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-ſick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch muſt be at court by nine;
Half ſunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag:
Then, from the bar, harangues the bench,
In Engliſh vile, and viler French,
And Latin, vileſt of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!
Of paper how is he profuſe,
With periods long, in terms abſtruſe!
What pains he takes to be prolix,
A thouſand lines to ſtand for ſix!
Of common ſenſe without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?
The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cauſe before the judge:
And, what is yet a greater curſe,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purſe;
While he, at eaſe, ſecure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country-manſion down;

And,

And, diſencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Deſpiſeth rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains ſides.
Lindſay, 'tis you have ſet me on,
To ſtate this queſtion *pro* and *con*.
My ſatire may offend, 'tis true;
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honeſt man;
Yet link them cloſe, in this they jump,
To be but raſcals in the lump.
Imagine Lindſay at the bar,
He's much the ſame his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And, in his client's juſt defence,
Muſt deviate oft' from common ſenſe;
And make his ignorance diſcerned,
To get the name of Council Learned
(As *lucus* comes *à non lucendo*),
And wiſely do as other men do:
But ſhift him to a better ſcene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taſte his humour, ſenſe, and wit;
You'd ſwear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard, where dulneſs over-rules,
To keep good ſenſe in crowds of fools.

And we admire the
His honeſty in crow
Nor yields up virtue
To villains of his own
Lindſay, you know
In both, yet hardly
And will you venture
To ſit among that
That pack of mimic
Abandon'd, ſtupid, fla
For, as the rabble
The fool who ſcramb
Who for his pains is
Drawn through the
You muſt expect the
Scrambling with rogue
Muſt loſe the honour
Your numerous virtue
Diſclaim for ever all
To common honeſty and
And join in friendſhip wi
To M—l, C—y, and Di

* This gentleman, who
curred the ſevere diſpleaſur
taken ſeveral opportunities of

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NOT REMOVE
OR

And we admire the man, who ſaves
His honeſty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue, at diſcretion,
To villains of his own profeſſion.
Lindſay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly ſave your ſtake;
And will you venture both anew,
To ſit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legiſlators,
Abandon'd, ſtupid, ſlaviſh praters!
For, as the rabble daub and riſle
The fool who ſcrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You muſt expect the like diſgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Muſt loſe the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully ſtain'd;
Diſclaim for ever all pretence
To common honeſty and ſenſe;
And join in friendſhip with a ſtrict tye,
To M—l, C—y, and Dick Tighe *.

* This gentleman, who was a privy counſellor, incurred the ſevere diſpleaſure of the Dean, who has taken ſeveral opportunities of cenſuring him. N.

A DIA-

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

AN EMINENT LAWYER*,

AND

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.S.P.D.

In ALLUSION to HORACE, Book II. Sat. 1.

"Sunt quibus in Satira, &c."

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are perſons who complain
There 's too much ſatire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not ſparing even men of letters:
You, who are ſkill'd in lawyers' lore,
What 's your advice? Shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expoſe
Either in verſe or humourous proſe;
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my ſcrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleas'd to condeſcend
To aſk the judgement of a friend,

* Mr. Lindſay. See p. 103.

Your

Your caſe conſider'd, I muſt think
You ſhould withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Chriſtian folks;
Or, if the Muſes muſt inſpire
Your fancy with their pleaſing fire,
Take ſubjects ſafer for your wit
Than thoſe on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing ſect;
Aſſert, that Hyde *, in writing ſtory,
Shews all the malice of a Tory;
While Burnet †, in his deathleſs page,
Diſcovers freedom without rage.
To Woolſton ‡ recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chains which fetter free-born minds;
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh fears
Which laſted near two thouſand years;
He can alone the prieſthood humble,
Make gilded ſpires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Muſt I commend againſt my conſcience
Such ſtupid blaſphemy and nonſenſe?

* Edward Hyde, the firſt earl of Clarendon, who wrote the Hiſtory of the Civil Wars. N.

† The celebrated Bp. of Saliſbury. N.

‡ A degraded clergyman of the church of England, who wrote againſt the miracles of Chriſt. N.

To

To ſuch a ſubject tune my lyre,
And ſing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of Wiſdom Fate,
Lament upon their hapleſs fall,
That Force free Virtue ſhould enthrall?
Or ſhall the charms of Wealth and Power
Make me pollute the Muſes' bower?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my deſk the words that follow:
"Some, by philoſophers miſled,
"Muſt honour you alive and dead;
"And ſuch as know what Greece hath writ,
"Muſt taſte your irony and wit;
"Whilſt moſt that are, or would be great,
"Muſt dread your pen, your perſon hate;
"And you on Drapier's * hill muſt lie,
"And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM. 1729.

AN aſs's hoof alone can hold
That poiſonous juice, which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No veſſel but an aſs's head

* In the county of Armagh; where Dr. Swift, in the year 1729, had ſome thoughts of building; as appears by ſeveral of the following Poems. N.

Such

Such frigid fuſtian could contain;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like ſtupifying draughts:
I found my head began to ſwim,
A numbneſs crept through every limb.
In haſte, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire:
When (who could think?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to aſhes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in ſnow, it dy'd in flame.

AN EPISTLE

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY. 1729.

"Credis ob hoc, me, Paſtor, opes fortaſſe rogare,
"Propter quod, vulgus, craſſaque turba rogat."
MART. Epig. lib. ix.

THOU wiſe and learned ruler of our iſle,
Whoſe guardian care can all her griefs beguile;
When next your generous ſoul ſhall condeſcend
T' inſtruct or entertain your humble friend;
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On ſome high theme you learnedly enlarge;

Of

Of all the ways of wiſdom reaſon well,
How Richelieu roſe, and how Sejanus fell:
Or, when your brow leſs thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with Swift and ſome delighted friends;
When, mixing mirth and wiſdom with your wine,
Like that your wit ſhall flow, your genius ſhine;
Nor with leſs praiſe the converſation guide,
Than in the public councils you decide:
Or when the Dean, long privileg'd to rail,
Aſſerts his friend with more impetuous zeal;
You hear (whilſt I ſit by abaſh'd and mute),
With ſoft conceſſions ſhortening the diſpute;
Then cloſe with kind enquiries of my ſtate,
"How are your tithes, and have they roſe of late?
"Why, Chriſt-Church is a pretty ſituation,
"There are not many better in the nation!
"This, with your *other things*, muſt yield you clear
"Some ſix—at leaſt five hundred pounds a year."
Suppoſe, at ſuch a time, I took the freedom
To ſpeak theſe truths as plainly as you read 'em
(You ſhall rejoin, my lord, when I 've replied,
And, if you pleaſe, my lady ſhall decide):
"My lord, I 'm ſatisfied you meant me well;
"And that I 'm thankful, all the world can tell:
"But you 'll forgive me, if I own th' event
"Is ſhort, is very ſhort, of your intent;
"At leaſt, I feel ſome ills unfelt before,
"My income leſs, and my expences more."
"How, doctor! double vicar! double rector!
"A dignitary! with a city lecture!

" What glebes—what dues—what tithes—what fines—
" what rent!
" Why, doctor!—will you never be content?"
" Would my good lord but caſt up the account,
" And ſee to what my revenues amount
" My titles ample! but my gain ſo ſmall,
" That one good vicarage is worth them all:
" And very wretched ſure is he, that's double
" In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
" Add to this crying grievance, if you pleaſe,
" My horſes founder'd on Fermanah ways;
" Ways of well-poliſh'd and well-pointed ſtone,
" Where every ſtep endangers every bone;
" And, more to raiſe your pity and your wonder,
" Two churches—twelve Hibernian miles aſunder!
" With complicated *cures*, I labour hard in,
" Beſides whole ſummers abſent from my garden!—
" But that the world would think I play'd the fool,
" I 'd change with Charley Grattan for his ſchool*—
" What fine caſcades, what viſtos, might I make,
" Fixt in the centre of th' Iernian lake!
" There might I ſail delighted, ſmooth and ſafe,
" Beneath the conduct of my good Sir Ralph†:
" There 's not a better ſteerer in the realm;
" I hope, my lord, you 'll call him to the *helm*."—
" Doctor—a glorious ſcheme to eaſe your grief!
" When *cures* are croſs, a ſchool 's a ſure relief.

* A free-ſchool at Inniſkillen, founded by Eraſmus Smith, eſq. N.

† Sir Ralph Gore, who had a villa in the lake of Erin.

" You

" You cannot fail of being happy there,
" The lake will be the Lethe of your care:
" The ſcheme is for your honour and your eaſe;
" And, doctor, I 'll promote it when you pleaſe.
" Meanwhile, allowing things below your merit,
" Yet, doctor, you 've a philoſophic ſpirit;
" Your wants are few, and, like your income, ſmall,
" And you 've enough to gratify them all:
" You 've trees, and fruits, and roots, enough in ſtore:
" And what would a philoſopher have more?
" You cannot wiſh for coaches, kitchens, cooks—"
" My lord, I 've not enough to buy me books—
" Or pray, ſuppoſe my wants were all ſupplied,
" Are there no wants I ſhould regard beſide?
" Whoſe breaſt is ſo unmann'd, as not to grieve,
" Compaſs'd with miſeries he can't relieve?
" Who can be happy—who ſhould wiſh to live,
" And want the godlike happineſs to give?
" (That I 'm a judge of this, you muſt allow:
" I had it once—and I 'm debarr'd it now.)
" Aſk your own heart, my lord; if this be true,
" Then how unbleſt am I! how bleſt are you!"
" 'Tis true—but, doctor, let us waive all that—
" Say, if you had your wiſh, what you 'd be at."
" Excuſe me, good my lord—I won't be ſounded,
" Nor ſhall your favour by my wants be bounded.
" My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
" Nor is it fit I ſhould preſcribe to you.
" Yet this might Symmachus himſelf avow,
" (Whoſe rigid rules are antiquated now)—

" My lord, I 'd wiſh to *pay the debts I owe*—
" I 'd wiſh beſides—to *build*, and to *beſtow*."

AN EPISTLE UPON AN EPISTLE

FROM

A CERTAIN DOCTOR

TO

A CERTAIN GREAT LORD.

Being a CHRISTMAS-BOX for Dr. DELANY.

AS Jove will not attend on leſs,
When things of more importance preſs:
You can't, grave Sir, believe it hard,
That you, a low Hibernian bard,
Should cool your heels a while, and wait
Unanſwer'd at your *patron's* gate;
And would my lord vouchſafe to grant
This one, poor, humble boon I want,
Free leave to play his *Secretary*,
As Falſtaff acted old King Harry;
I 'd tell of yours in rhyme and print:
Folks ſhrug, and cry *There's nothing in't.*
And, after ſeveral readings over,
It ſhines moſt in the marble cover.
How could ſo fine a taſte diſpenſe,
With mean degrees of wit and ſenſe?
Nor will my lord ſo far *beguile*
The *wiſe* and *learned* of our *iſle*;

T

To make it paſs upon the nation,
By dint of his ſole approbation.
The taſk is arduous, patrons find,
To warp the ſenſe of all mankind:
Who think your Muſe muſt firſt aſpire,
Ere he advance the doctor higher.
You 've cauſe to ſay he *meant you well:*
That you *are thankful,* who *can tell?*
For ſtill you 're ſhort (which grieves your ſpirit)
Of his intent; you mean, your merit.
Ah! *quanto rectius, tu adepte,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?
Smedley *, thou Jonathan of Clogher,
" When thou thy humble lay doſt offer
" To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
" Thy thanks and verſe devoid of art:
" Content with what his bounty gave,
" No larger income doſt thou crave."
But you muſt have caſcades, and all
Ierne's lake, for your canal,
Your viſtos, barges, and (a pox on
All pride!) our Speaker for your coxon:
It 's pity that he can't beſtow you
Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
Held monarchs labouring at the oar;
And, as he paſs'd, ſo ſwell'd the Dee,
Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.

* See a Petition to the duke of Grafton, vol. I. p. 158.

How different is this from Smedley!
(His name is up, he may in bed lie)
" Who only aſks ſome pretty cure,
" In wholeſome ſoil and æther pure;
" The garden ſtor'd with artleſs flowers,
" In either angle ſhady bowers:
" No gay parterre with coſtly green
" Muſt in the ambient hedge be ſeen;
" But Nature freely takes her courſe,
" Nor fears from him ungrateful force:
" No ſheers to check her ſprouting vigour,
" Or ſhape the *jews* to antic figure."
But you forſooth your *all* muſt ſquander
On that poor ſpot, call'd Dell-ville, yonder:
And when you 've been at vaſt expences
In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
Your aſſets fail, and caſh is wanting;
Nor farther buildings, farther planting:
No wonder, when you raiſe and level,
Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
Here a convenient box you found,
Which you demoliſh'd to the ground:
Then built, then took up with your arbour,
And ſet the houſe to Rupert Barber.
You ſprang an arch, which, in a ſcurvy
Humour, you tumbled topſy-turvy.
You change a circle to a ſquare,
Then to a circle as you were:
Who can imagine whence the fund is,
That you *quadrata* change *rotundis?*

To

To Fame a temple you erect,
A Flora does the dome protect;
Mounts, walks, on high; and in a hollow
You place the Muſes and Apollo;
There ſhining 'midſt his train, to grace
Your whimſical poetic place.
Theſe ſtories were of old deſign'd
As fables: but you have refin'd
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real Muſes, gods, and ſtreams.
Who would not ſwear, when you contrive thus,
That you 're Don Quixote Redivivus?
Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only Winter's rain ſupplies.
Oh! couldſt thou, by ſome magic ſpell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well!
Here may it re-aſſume its ſtream *,
And take a greater Patrick's name!
If your expences riſe ſo high;
What income can your wants ſupply?
Yet ſtill you fancy you inherit
A fund of ſuch ſuperior merit,
That you can't fail of more proviſion,
All by my *lady's* kind deciſion.
For, the more livings you can fiſh up,
You think you 'll ſooner be a biſhop:
That could not be *my lord's intent*,
Nor can it *anſwer the event*.

* See Dr. Swift's verſes on the drying-up of this well, in this volume, p. 7.

Moſt think what has been heap'd on you,
To other ſort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your ſlim-ſlams,
Epiſtles, riddles, epigrams.
Though now your depth muſt not be ſoun
The time was, when you 'd have compound
For leſs than Charley Grattan's ſchool:
Five hundred pound a year 's no fool!
Take this advice then from you friend,
To your ambition put an end.
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you *build* and you *beſtow*.
Be modeſt; nor addreſs your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.
A paſſage may be found *, I 've heard,
In ſome old Greek or Latian bard,
Which ſays, "Would crows in ſilence eat
"Their offals, or their better meat,
"Their generous feeders not provoking
"By loud and unharmonious croaking:
"They might, unhurt by Envy's claws,
"Live on, and ſtuff to boot their maws."

* Hor. Lib. I. Ep. xvii.

A L

A LIBEL

ON THE REVEREND DR. DELANY,

AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET. 1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the *great*
Chuſe for companions *tete à tete*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to ſit whene'er you will;
Then boaſting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *lordſhip* was ſo kind;
How many pleaſant things he ſpoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at every *joke*:
Swear he 's a moſt facetious man;
That you and he are *cup* and *can*:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite miſtake *preferment's* road.
Suppoſe my *lord* and you alone;
Hint the leaſt intereſt of your own,
His viſage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of buſineſs now:
Or, mention but a vacant *poſt*,
He 'll turn it off with, "Name your toaſt:"
Nor could the niceſt artiſt paint
A countenance with more conſtraint.
For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;

So

So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandars to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects muſt provide
To gratify their luſt of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of ſtate,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, ſhall you dare to aſk a *place*,
You forfeit all your *patron's* grace,
And diſappoint the ſole deſign,
For which he ſummon'd you to *dine*.
Thus Congreve ſpent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the ſtation
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept:
Himſelf as rich as fifty Jews,
Was eaſy, though they wanted ſhoes;
And crazy Congreve ſcarce could ſpare
A ſhilling to diſcharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to *party* zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his later ſcene,
Took proper *principles* to thrive;
And ſo might every *dunce* alive.
Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails
Withdrew to ſtarve, and die in Wales.

Thus Gay, the *hare* with many friends,
Twice ſeven long years the *court* attends:
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a *princely* youth *:
Who paid his courtſhip with the croud
As far as *modeſt pride* allow'd;
Rejects a ſervile *uſher's* place,
And leaves St. James's in diſgrace.
Thus Addiſon, by lords careſt,
Was left in foreign lands diſtreſt;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A traveling tutor to a *'ſquire*:
But wiſely left the Muſes' hill,
To buſineſs ſhap'd the *poet's* quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himſelf the *courtier's* trade,
And, grown *a miniſter of ſtate*,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
Hail, happy Pope! whoſe generous mind
Deteſting all the ſtateſman kind,
Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unſeen,
Refus'd the viſits of a queen.
A ſoul with every virtue fraught,
By *ſages*, *prieſts*, or *poets* taught;
Whoſe filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian ſtory tells;
A genius for all ſtations fit,
Whoſe *meaneſt talent* is his *wit*;

* William duke of Cumberland, ſon to George II.

His

His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a *rascal statesman's* spittle;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is plac'd:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising *slaves* that *cringe* for bread.
True *politicians* only pay
For solid *work*, but not for *play*;
Nor ever chuse to work with tools
Forg'd up in *colleges* and *schools*.
Consider how much more is due
To all their *journeymen* than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You shew your skill in Grecian story;
But they can manage Whig and Tory:
You, as a *critick*, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a *place* already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and shew your wit;
To snuff the lights and stir the fire,
And get a *dinner* for your hire.
What claim have you to *place* or *pension*?
He overpays in condescension.

But, reverend *doctor*, you we know
Could never condeſcend ſo low;
The *vice-roy*, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durſt, be more your friend;
Nor will in you thoſe gifts deſpiſe,
By which himſelf was taught to riſe:
When he has virtue to retire,
He 'll grieve he did not raiſe you higher,
And place you in a better ſtation,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.
This may be true—ſubmitting ſtill
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worſe?
He comes to drain a *beggar's purſe*;
He comes to tie our chains on faſter,
And ſhew us, England is our maſter:
Careſſing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he elſe to bait his traps,
Or bring his *vermin* in, but *ſcraps?*
The offals of a *church* diſtreſt;
A hungry *vicarage* at beſt;
Or ſome remote inferior *poſt*,
With forty pounds a year at moſt?
But here again you interpoſe—
Your favourite *lord* is none of thoſe
Who owe their virtues to their ſtations,
And characters to dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *learning* none will call in doubt;

His

His *learning*, though a *poet* ſaid it
Before a play, would loſe no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praiſe it Phillips writ.
I own, he hates an action baſe,
His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning ſpirit
Betwixt a true and ſpurious merit;
Can ſometimes drop a *voter's* claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the moſt that *friendſhip* can;
I hate the *vice-roy*, love the *man*.
But you who, till your fortune 's made,
Muſt be a *ſweetener* by your trade,
Should ſwear he never meant us ill;
We ſuffer ſore againſt his will;
That, if we could but ſee his heart,
He would have choſe a milder part:
We rather ſhould lament his caſe,
Who muſt obey, or loſe his *place*.
Since this reflexion ſlipt your pen,
Inſert it when you write again:
And, to illuſtrate it, produce
This *ſimile* for his excuſe:
" So to deſtroy a guilty land
" An * *angel* ſent by *heaven's* command,
" While he obeys *almighty* will,
" Perhaps may feel *compaſſion* ſtill;

* " So when an angel by divine command," &c.
ADDISON's Campa

"

" And wiſh the taſk had been aſſign'd
" To *ſpirits* of leſs gentle kind."
But I, in *politicks* grown old,
Whoſe thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my ſoul ſincerely hate
Both *kings* and *miniſters* of *ſtate*,
Who look on *courts* with ſtricter eyes
To ſee the ſeeds of *vice* ariſe,
Can lend you an alluſion fitter,
Though *flattering knaves* may call it *bitter*;
Which, if you durſt but give it place,
Would ſhew you many a *ſtateſman's* face:
Freſh from the *tripod* of Apollo
I had it in the words that follow
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except *his excellence*).
" So, to effect his *monarch's* ends,
" From *hell* a *vice-roy* devil aſcends;
" His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,
" The contributions of the *damn'd*;
" Which with unſparing hand he ſtrows
" Through *courts* and *ſenates* as he goes;
" And then at Beelzebub's *black hall*
" Complains his *budget* was too ſmall."
Your *ſimile* may better ſhine
In verſe; but there is *truth* in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings:
And *ſtateſmen* by ten thouſand odds
Are angels juſt as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE

LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

" — Tanti tibi non ſit opaci
" Omnis arena Tagi." Juv.

AS ſome raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirſt of honour led,
When at a ſkirmiſh firſt he hears
The bullets whiſtling round his ears,
Will duck his head aſide, will ſtart,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till ſcaping off' without a wound
Leſſens the terror of the ſound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops.
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and ſhame;
When firſt in print you ſee him dread
Each pop-gun level'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains,
Is deſtin'd to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his ſoul!
Concluding, that another ſhot
Will ſtrike him dead upon the ſpot.
But, when with ſquibbing, flaſhing, popping,
He cannot ſee one creature dropping;

That,

That, miſſing fire, or miſſing aim,
His life is ſafe, I mean his fame;
The danger paſt, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.
Though ſplendor gives the faireſt mark
To poiſon'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, *in yourſelf when ſmooth and round,*
They glance aſide without a wound.
'Tis ſaid, the gods try'd all their art,
How *pain* they might from *pleaſure* part;
But little could their ſtrength avail;
Both ſtill are faſten'd by the tail.
Thus *fame* and *cenſure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.
Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd?
'Tis eminence makes envy riſe;
As faireſt fruits attract the flies.
Should ſtupid libels grieve your mind,
You ſoon a remedy may find;
Lie down obſcure like other folks
Below the laſh of ſnarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And ſneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.
You ſay, the Muſe will not contain,
And write you muſt, or break a vein.

Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raiſe your fancy on the wing;
The Iriſh *ſenate's* praiſes ſing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the public good purſues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots, up to ſhoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
How oft' am I for rhyme to ſeek!
To dreſs a thought, may toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilſt every critick can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius ceaſe to write,
The rogues muſt die for want and ſpite;
Muſt die for want of food and raiment,
If ſcandal did not find them payment.
How chearfully the hawkers cry
A ſatire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unſold upon the printer's lines.
A *genius* in the reverend gown
Muſt ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And ſpoils the credit of the function.

Round all your brethren caſt your eyes;
Point out the ſureſt men to riſe;
That club of candidates in black,
The leaſt deſerving of the pack,
Aſpiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fitteſt tools to work for Bob;
Will ſooner coin a thouſand lies,
Than ſuffer men of parts to riſe;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And preſs you down with all their weight.
For, as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit *free-thinkers*.
Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Diſdains to ſerve ignoble ends.
Obſerve what loads of ſtupid rhymes
Oppreſs us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Shew reaſon, grammar, truth, or ſenſe?
For though the Muſe delights in fiction,
She ne'er inſpires againſt conviction.
Then keep your virtue ſtill unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-ſteps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate:
Firſt learn the ſcience to be dull,
You then may ſoon your conſcience lull;

If not, however ſeated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddeſs brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a Sooterkin;
Which, as the nurſe purſued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muſes' hill,
There in the ſoil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnaſſus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin ſprung,
With harpy claws and poiſonous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic ſcraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned ſhow,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geeſe, the wolf your flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To perſecute the Muſes' fame;
On poets in all times abuſive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.
Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmoſt rage defies,
That ſafe behind the wainſcot lies.
Say, did you ever know by ſight
In cheeſe an individual mite?
Shew me the ſame numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yeſterday:

You then may boldly go in queſt
To find the Grub-ſtreet poet's neſt;
What ſpunging-houſe, in dread of jail,
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are neſtled in,
To flouriſh o'er a cup of gin;
Find the laſt garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they ſtarve to-day.
Suppoſe you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What puniſhment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
Theſe they have often try'd before;
You but oblige them ſo much more:
Themſelves would be the firſt to tell,
To make their traſh the better ſell.
You have been libel'd — Let us know,
What fool officious told you ſo?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noiſy ſcoundrel ſays,
It might be ſomething in your praiſe:
And praiſe beſtow'd on Grub-ſtreet rhymes
Would vex one more a thouſand times.
Till criticks blame, and judges praiſe,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are ſatiric,
I take it for a panegyrick.
Hated by fools, and *fools to hate*,
Be that my *motto*, and my *fate*.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 1729.

TO form a juſt and finiſh'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whoſe godſhips are in chief requeſt,
And fit your preſent ſubject beſt:
And, ſhould it be your hero's caſe,
To have both male and female race,
Your buſineſs muſt be to provide
A ſcore of goddeſſes beſide.

Some call their monarchs ſons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Becauſe they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his ſon:
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him ſon of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely ſhall conſent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their ſenſe, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verſe require,
He muſt be greater than his ſire;
For Jove, as every ſchool-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depoſe:
And ſure no Chriſtian poet breathing
Would be more ſcrupulous than a Heathen!

Or,

Or, if to blaſphemy it tends,
That 's but a trifle among friends,
Your Hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s.
Behold his glittering faulchion mow
Whole ſquadrons at a ſingle blow;
While Victory, with wings outſpread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milk-white ſteed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead mens' paunches:
As Overton has drawn his ſire,
Still ſeen o'er many an ale-houſe fire.
Then from his arms hoarſe thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty muſtard-bowls:
For thunder ſtill his arm ſupplies,
And lightning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conſcience,
And ſerve to echo rattling nonſenſe.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your ſong.
Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To ſing of wars, chuſe peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus had lock'd his temple-door;
Though not a coffee-houſe we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this ſide Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Poſtmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as moſt men;
Thou ſtill with battles ſtuff thy head full:
For, muſt thy hero not be dreadful?

Diſmiſſing Mars, it next muſt follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he 's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he ſtruts, and that he ſquints,
You 'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can ſhine both day and night.
The firſt, perhaps, may once an age
Inſpire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal, every day,
Not only can inſpire, but pay.
Then make this new Apollo ſit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
" How from his altitude he ſtoops
" To raiſe up Virtue when ſhe droops;
" On Learning how his bounty flows,
" And with what juſtice he beſtows:
" Fair Iſis, and ye banks of Cam!
" Be witneſs if I tell a flam.
" What prodigies in Arts we drain,
" From both your ſtreams, in George's reign.
" As from the flowery bed of Nile" —
But here 's enough to ſhew your ſtyle.
Broad inuendos, ſuch as this,
If well applied, can hardly miſs:
For, when you bring your ſong in print,
He 'll get it read, and take the hint,
(It muſt be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled),

A

And will be ſo much more your debtor,
Becauſe he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and ſenſe
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic ſtrains,
A guinea ſhall reward your pains:
For patrons never pay ſo well,
As when they ſcarce have learn'd to ſpell.
Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the ſea; you ſee him ride in 't;
And, if provok'd, he ſoundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have ſeiz'd the Spaniſh plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports beſiege them,
But that he would not diſoblige them;
And make the raſcals pay him dearly
For thoſe affronts they give him yearly.
'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we ſcrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in ſatiric wit.
But you ſome white-lead ink muſt get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your intereſt lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.
Thus your encomium, to be ſtrong,
Muſt be applied directly wrong.

An

A tyrant for his mercy praiſe,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A ſquinting monkey load with chains,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we ſtarve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleaſing princes:
For princes love you ſhould deſcant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But ſongſters muſt omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero muſt be told,
In him ſuch virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent;
That, with no title to inherit,
He muſt have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly falſe, and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
Should ſome obſcure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the Youth of Pella,
When all your liſt of Gods is out,
Preſume to ſhew his mortal ſnout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Becauſe he had the world ſubdued;

Oh,

Oh, let him not debaſe your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.
Of Gods I only quote the beſt,
But you may hook in all the reſt.
Now, Birth-day Bard, with joy proceed
To praiſe your Empreſs and her breed.
Firſt of the firſt, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the ſkies;
The Graces, and their miſtreſs Venus,
Muſt venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor ſhall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam:
Six thouſand years has liv'd the Goddeſs,
Your Heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Beſides, your ſongſters oft' have ſhown
That ſhe hath Graces of her own:
Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Juſt three, and every Grace a daughter.
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their ſnowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their Engliſh German couſins:
Beſides a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
Now ſee her ſeated in her throne
With genuine luſtre, all her own;
Poor Cynthia never ſhone ſo bright,
Her ſplendor is but borrow'd light;

And

And only with her Brother linkt
Can ſhine, without him is extinct.
But Carolina ſhines the clearer
With neither ſpouſe nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our iſles,
Though George is gone a thouſand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;
And ſees a ſon in every God,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-ſhaking nod.
Now ſing his little Highneſs Freddy,
Who ſtruts like any king already;
With ſo much beauty, ſhew me any maid
That could reſiſt this charming Ganymede!
Where majeſty with ſweetneſs vies,
And, like his father, early wiſe.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And ſwear his line ſhall rule the nation
For ever — till the conflagration.
But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little Duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and ſize,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make ſome proviſion for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;

Into

Into whoſe pocket valiant Willy put,
Will ſoon ſubdue the realm of Lilliput.
A ſkilful critick juſtly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harſh, ſtiff names.
The ſenſe can ne'er be too jejune,
But ſmooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunſwick are too rough:
Heſſe-Darmſtadt makes a rugged ſound,
And Guelp the ſtrongeſt ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I muſt except the Rhine,
Becauſe it clinks to Caroline.
Hail! Queen of Britain, Queen of rhymes!
Be ſung ten hundred thouſand times!
Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happineſs they knew:
Three ſyllables did never meet
So ſoft, ſo gliding, and ſo ſweet:
Nine other tuneful words like theſe
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels ſtand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring conſonant betwixt.
May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young! — in ſong.
What though the royal carcaſe muſt,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to duſt;

Thoſe

At Goodman's-Fields I 've much admir'd
The poſtures ſtrange of Monſieur Brilla;
But what are they to the ſoft ſtep,
The gliding air, of Domitilla?

Virgil has eterniz'd in ſong
The flying footſteps of Camilla:
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
He might have dreamt of Domitilla.

Great Theodoſe condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his Placilla,
And deuce take London, if ſome knight
O' th' city wed not Domitilla!

Wheeler, Sir George, in travels wiſe,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But O! the empreſs has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breaſt, like Domitilla.

Not all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Pil'd on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I 'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter, ſnatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a-
—'bus'd much my heart, and was a damn'd let
To verſe — but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope conſigns Belinda's watch
To the fair Sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To th' ſnow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER

HELTER SKELTER;

OR,

The HUE and CRY after the ATTORNIES, upon their riding the CIRCUIT.

NOW the active young attornies
Briſkly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horſes of their clients,
Like ſo many little Mars's
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burniſh'd,
And with harneſs-buckles furniſh'd,
And with whips and ſpurs ſo neat,
And with jockey-coats compleat,
And with boots ſo very greaſy,
And with ſaddles eke ſo eaſy,
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day,
Bridles deſtin'd far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats ſo very big, Sir,
And with powder'd caps and wigs, Sir,
And with ruffles to be ſhewn,
Cambrick ruffles not their own,
And with Holland ſhirts ſo white,
Shirts becoming to the ſight,

Shirts be-wrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters,
With their pretty tinſel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies,
And with rings ſo very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—
And with very little pence,
And as very little ſenſe,
With ſome law, but little juſtice,
Having ſtolen from my hoſteſs,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the ſoldier from the futler;
From the vintner and the taylor,
Like the felon from the jaylor;
Into this and t'other county,
Living on the public bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage;
Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,
Thorough ſtinking lanes and alleys,
Some to — kiſ[illegible]ith farmers ſpouſes,
And make merry in their houſes;
Some to — tumble country wenches
On their ruſhy-beds and benches,
And, if they begin a fray,
Draw their ſwords, and — run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot,

Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to ſup their porridge,
And Vacation 's over — then,
Hey, for London town again.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human-kind.
"Reaſon," they ſay, "belongs to man;"
But let them prove it if they can.
Wiſe Ariſtotle and Smigleſius,
By ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione præditum;
But, for my ſoul, I cannot credit 'em,
And muſt, in ſpite of them, maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boaſted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That inſtinct is a ſurer guide
Than reaſon-boaſting mortals pride;
And that brute beaſts are far before 'em,
Deus eſt anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honeſt brute
At law his neighbour proſecute;
Bring action for aſſault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?

O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politicks diſturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their ſport,
Nor know who 's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go,
To treat as deareſt friend, a foe:
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob:
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noſter-row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-maſters,
No pick-pockets, or poetaſters,
Are known to honeſt quadrupeds:
No ſingle brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beaſts, it is confeſs'd, the ape
Comes neareſt us in human ſhape;
Like man, he imitates each faſhion,
And malice is his ruling paſſion:
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape ſurpaſſes:
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the miniſter of ſtate;
View him ſoon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of ſuperiors:
He promiſes with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.

He in his turn finds imitators;
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their maſters' manners ſtill contract;
And footmen lords and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and ſmall
Behave alike; for all ape all.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

THE life of man to repreſent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a *puppet-ſhow* invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worſhip was to *puppets* paid;
In antic dreſs the idol ſtood,
And prieſt and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The ſimple votaries to frame,
To ſhape in *timber* fooliſh man,
And conſecrate the *block* to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
That trees might riſe from human forms,
The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches iſſue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
That man 's a blockhead, have confeſt;
Powel * and Stretch * the hint purſue;
Life is a farce, the world a jeſt.

* Two famous puppet-ſhow men.

The ſame great truth South Sea * hath prov'd
On that fam'd theatre, the *alley*;
Where thouſands, by directors mov'd,
Are now ſad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The ſame a Harlequin is now;
The former was *buffoon* above,
The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting ſcene is but a ſtage,
Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age
Alike the prince and peaſant ſhare.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
Falſe pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legiſlators rang'd in ſtate
Are oft' but wiſdom in machine.

A ſtock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A ſtatue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere ſpring of wires they play,
And ſpeak in language not their own.

Too oft', alas! a ſcolding wife
Uſurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

* *See the poem* on the South Sea, vol. I. p. 200.

In

In ſhort, whatever men purſue,
Of pleaſure, folly, war, or love;
This mimic race brings all to view:
Alike they dreſs, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to pleaſe and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou ſhalt put on a *puppet's* pride.

Thou ſhalt in puny wood be ſhown,
Thy image ſhall preſerve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth ſhall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a *farce* in vain,
Before he looks in nature's glaſs;
Puns cannot form a witty ſcene,
Nor *pedantry* for humour paſs.

To make men act as ſenſeleſs wood,
And chatter in a myſtic ſtrain,
Is a mere force on fleſh and blood,
And ſhews ſome error in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy ſtage into a ſchool,
The jeſt of Punch will ever be,
And ſtand confeſt the greater fool.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATI

WHETHER

HAMILTON'S BAWN ſhould be turned int
BARRACK or a MALT-HOUSE. 1729.

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THUS ſpoke to my Lady the Knight* full of
" Let me have your advice in a weighty affai
" This Hamilton's bawn †, whilſt it ſticks on my l
" I loſe by the houſe what I get by the land ;
" But how to diſpoſe of it to the beſt bidder,
" For a *barrack* ‡ or *malt-houſe*, we now muſt con
" Firſt, let me ſuppoſe I make it a *malt-houſe*,
" Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us ;
" There 's nine hundred pounds for labour and gra
" I increaſe it to twelve, ſo three hundred remain ;
" A handſome addition for wine and good chear,
" Three diſhes a day, and three hogſheads a year ;
" With a dozen large veſſels my vault ſhall be ſtor
" No little ſcrub joint ſhall come on my board ;
" And you and the Dean no more ſhall combine
" To ſtint me at night to one bottle of wine ;

* Sir Arthur Acheſon, at whoſe ſeat this was wri

† A large old houſe, two miles from Sir Artl ſeat. F.

‡ The army in Ireland is lodged in ſtrong build over the whole kingdom, called barracks. F.

"

Ior ſhall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
ı ſtone and a quarter of beef from my ſurloin.
f I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
ſy dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
n poundage and drawbacks I loſe half my rent,
Vhatever they give me, I muſt be content,
ır join with the court in every debate;
ınd rather than that, I would loſe my eſtate."
'hus ended the Knight: thus began his *meek* wife:
: *muſt*, and it *ſhall* be a *barrack*, my life.
'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
ut a rabble of tenants, and ruſty dull * Rums.
Vith Parſons what lady can keep herſelf clean?
'm all over daub'd when I ſit by the Dean.
ut if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
'he Captain, I 'm ſure, will always come here;
then ſhall not value his Deanſhip a ſtraw,
or the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
ır, ſhould he pretend to be briſk and alert,
Vill tell him that Chaplains ſhould not be ſo pert;
'hat men of his coat ſhould be minding their prayers,
.nd not among ladies to give themſelves airs."
'hus argued my Lady, but argued in vain;
: Knight his opinion reſolved to maintain.
ut Hannah †, who liſten'd to all that was paſt,
l could not endure ſo vulgar a taſte,

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country cler-
ıan. F.

† My lady's waiting-woman. F.

As

As ſoon as her Ladyſhip call'd to be dreſt,
Cry'd, "Madam, why ſurely my maſter 's poſſeſt.
"Sir Arthur the maltſter! how fine is wilt found!
"I'd rather the *barun* were ſunk under ground.
"But madam, I gueſs'd there would never come good,
"When I ſaw him ſo often with * Darby and Wood.
"And now my dream 's out; for I was a-dream'd
"That I ſaw a huge rat—O dear, how I ſcream'd!
"And after, methought, I had loſt my new ſhoes;
"And Molly, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould hear ſome ill news.
"Dear madam, had you but the ſpirit to teaze,
"You might have a *barrack* whenever you pleaſe:
"And, madam, I always believ'd you ſo ſtout,
"That for twenty denials you would not give out.
"If I had a huſband like him, I *purteſt*,
"Till he gave me my will, I would give him no reſt;
"And, rather than come in the ſame pair of ſheets
"With ſuch a croſs man, I would lie in the ſtreets:
"But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
"And worry him out, till he gives his conſent.
"Dear madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
"An I were to be hang'd, I can't ſleep a wink:
"For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
"I can't get it out, though I'd never ſo fain.
"I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
"At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
"Of this to be ſure Sir Arthur has warning,
"And waits on the Captain betimes the next morning.

* Two of Sir Arthur's managers. F.

"Now

hen they meet, how their Honours behave;
:ain, your ſervant"—"Sir Arthur, your

r me much"—"The honour is mine."—
rainy night"—"But the morning is fine."
oes my Lady?"—"My wife's at your

ave ſeen her picture by Jervas."—
ow, good Captain. I'll wait on you

ſir a foot"—"You'll think me a clown:
world, Captain—" "Not half an inch far-

e obey'd!"—"Your ſervant, Sir Arthur?
: reſpects to my Lady unknown."—
will uſe my houſe as your own."
; me my ſmock, and leave off your prate,
certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
adam, be quiet; what was it I ſaid?
ke to have put it quite out of my head.
to be ſure, the Captain will come,
d of his troops, with trumpet and drum.
am, obſerve how he marches in ſtate:
rith the kettle-drum enters the gate:
adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
antara; while all the boys hollow.
mes the Captain all daub'd with gold lace:
ſweet gentleman! look in his face;
ow he rides like a lord of the land,
ine flaming ſword that he holds in his hand,

"And

" And his horſe, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears;
" With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
" At laſt comes the troop, by the word of command,
" Drawn up in our court; when the Captain cries,
" STAND!
" Your Ladyſhip lifts up the ſaſh to be ſeen
" (For ſure I had *dizen'd* you out like a queen).
" The Captain, to ſhew he is proud of the favour,
" Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver
" (His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
" For a Captain of horſe never takes off his hat,
" Becauſe he has never a hand that is idle;
" For the right holds the ſword, and the left holds the
" bridle).
" Then flouriſhes thrice his ſword in the air,
" As a compliment due to a lady ſo fair;
" (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath ſpilt!)
" Then he lowers down the point, and kiſſes the hilt.
" Your Ladyſhip ſmiles, and thus you begin;
" Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in."
" The Captain ſalutes you with congee profound,
" And your Ladyſhip curtſies half way to the ground.
" Kit, run to your maſter, and bid him come to us,
" I 'm ſure he 'll be proud of the honour you do us.
" And, Captain, you 'll do us the favour to ſtay,
" And take a ſhort dinner here with us to-day:
" You 're heartily welcome: but as for good cheer,
" You come in the very worſt time of the year;
" If I had expected ſo worthy a gueſt—"
" Lord! madam! your Ladyſhip ſure is in jeſt:

" You

You banter me, madam; the kingdom muſt grant—"
You officers, Captain, are ſo complaiſant!"
"Hiſt, huſſy, I think I hear ſomebody coming—"
No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
To ſhorten my tale (for I hate a long ſtory)
The Captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The Dean and the * Doctor have humbled their pride,
For the Captain's entreated to ſit by your ſide;
And, becauſe he's their betters, you carve for him
" firſt;
The Parſons for envy are ready to burſt.
The ſervants amaz'd are ſcarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thruſt in our noſe
To peep at the Captain in all his fine *cloaths*.
Dear madam, be ſure he's a fine-ſpoken man,
Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue ran;
And, madam, ſays he, if ſuch dinners you give,
You'll ne'er want for Parſons as long as you live.
I ne'er knew a Parſon without a good noſe;
But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
G— d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—s! by their looks they never keep Lent:
Miſter Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You caſt a ſheep's eye on her Ladyſhip's maid:
I wiſh ſhe would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your caſſock, and ſmoothing your band
(For the Dean was ſo ſhabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the Captain ſuppos'd he was Curate to Jinny).

* Doctor Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood. F.

" Whenever

" Whenever you ſee a caſſock and gown,
" A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
" Obſerve how a Parſon comes into a room;
" G— d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom;
" A *ſcholard*, when juſt from his college broke looſe,
" Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a gooſe;
" Your * *Noveds*, and *Bluturcks*, and *Omurs*, and ſtuff,
" By G—, they don't ſignify this pinch of ſnuff.
" To give a young gentleman right education,
" The army 's the only good ſchool in the nation:
" My ſchool-maſter call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the ſchool;
" I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
" And the puppy confeſs'd he expected no good o'me.
" He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was ſo maul'd in my life:
" So I took to the road, and, what 's very odd,
" The firſt man I robb'd was a Parſon, by G—.
" Now, madam, you 'll think it a ſtrange thing to ſay,
" But the ſight of a book makes me ſick to this day."
" Never ſince I was born did I hear ſo much wit,
" And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I ſhould ſplit.
" So then you look'd ſcornful, and ſnift at the Dean,
" As who ſhou'd ſay, *Now, am I † ſkinny and lean?*
" But he durſt not ſo much as once open his lips,
" And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus mercileſs Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till ſhe heard the Dean call, " Will your Ladyſhip
" walk?"

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

† Nick-names for my lady.

Her

Her Ladyſhip anſwers, " I 'm juſt coming down :"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart ſhe was glad,
Cry'd, " Huſſy, why ſure the *wench* is gone mad !
" How could theſe *chimera's* get into your brains ?—
" Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
" But the Dean, if this ſecret ſhould come to his ears,
" Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers :
" For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye :
" Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *clergy*."

TO DEAN SWIFT.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON.

GOOD cauſe have I to ſing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the Drapier :
He, that of every ear 's the charmer,
Now condeſcends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his ſtrains ;
Lives ſuch a bard on Britiſh plains ?
No ; not in all the Britiſh court ;
For none but witlings there reſort,
Whoſe names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad ;
And, ſure as monument of braſs,
Their fame to future times ſhall paſs,
How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly ſung :
A ſubject for their genius fit ;
He dares defy both ſenſe and wit.

What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the leaſt pretence
To common law, or common ſenſe;
A biſhop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons ſhine:
Nay, he can make, what 's greater far,
A middle-ſtate 'twixt peace and war;
And ſay, there ſhall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill! at leaſt,
That court and courtiers have no taſte:
You never elſe had known the Dean,
But, as of old, obſcurely lain;
All things gone on the ſame dull track,
And Drapier's-hill * been ſtill Drumlack;
But now your name with Penſhurſt vies,
And wing'd with fame ſhall reach the ſkies.

DRAPIER'S-HILL.

WE give the world to underſtand,
Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land
A purchaſe, which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a year;

* The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he rented of Sir Arthur Acheſon, which lay between that and Market-hill; and intended to houſe upon it, but afterwards changed his mind.

Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound;
And, from his endleſs hoarded ſtore,
To build a houſe, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur too ſhall have his will,
And call the manſion Drapier's Hill:
That, when a nation, long enſlav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was ſav'd;
When none the Drapier's praiſe ſhall ſing;
His ſigns aloft no longer ſwing;
His medals and his prints forgotten;
And all his * handkerchiefs are rotten;
His famous Letters made waſte-paper;
This hill may keep the name of Drapier;
In ſpight of envy, flouriſh ſtill,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S HILL.

I WILL not build on yonder mount:
And, ſhould you call me to account,
Conſulting with myſelf, I find,
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
No fault of mine, the ſcheme is ended:

* Medals were caſt, many ſigns hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the Dean, under the name of M. B. Drapier. F.

Nor can you tax me as unſteady,
I have a hundred cauſes ready:
All riſen ſince that flattering time,
When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greateſt cully of mankind:
The loweſt boy in Martin's ſchool
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form ſo wild a viſion,
To ſeek, in deſerts, Fields Elyſian?
To live in fear, ſuſpicion, variance,
With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians?
But here my Lady will object;
Your Deanſhip ought to recollect,
That, near the Knight of Gosford plac'd,
Whom you allow a man of taſte,
Your intervals of time to ſpend
With ſo converſable a friend,
It would not ſignify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a uſurer's plumbs;
Though I ſhould ſee him twice a day,
And am his neighbour croſs the way;
If all my rhetoric muſt fail
To ſtrike him for a pot of ale?
Thus, when the learned and the wiſe
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deſerving friends with-hold
Their gifts, as Miſers do their gold;

Their knowledge to themſelves confin'd
Is the ſame avarice of mind;
Nor makes their converſation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's Knight,
Who keeps his wiſdom out of ſight;
Whoſe uncommunicative heart
Will ſcarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in ſpeculations deep,
His outward ſenſes faſt aſleep;
Who, while I talk, a ſong will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the ſkies tranſports his mind,
And leaves a lifeleſs corpſe behind.
But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To underſtand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who ſend my mind (as I believe) leſs
Than others do, on errands ſleeveleſs;
Can liſten to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My ſpirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphyſics ſmatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of worlds intelligible;
And think all notions too abſtracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourſe of minds can be
Betwixt the Knight ſublime and me,

Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker ſides are blind;
Nine more ſuch champions as the Dean
Would ſoon reſtore our ancient reign.
How well, to win the ladies hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my ſpirits rais'd,
By you ſo oft', ſo highly prais'd!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that aukward ſhame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modeſty a weak pretence;
And ſoon grow pert on men of ſenſe;
To ſhew my face with ſcornful air;
Let others match it, if they dare.
Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard, who humbly deigns to chuſe
Me for the ſubject of his Muſe!
Behind my back, before my noſe,
He ſounds my praiſe in verſe and proſe.
My heart with emulation burns
To make you ſuitable returns:
My gratitude the world ſhall know;
And ſee, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
"A Panegyrick on Dean Swift!"
And then, to mend the matter ſtill,
"By Lady Anne of Market-hill."

thus

I thus begin: My grateful Muſe
Salutes the Dean in different views;
Dean, butler, uſher, jeſter, tutor;
* Robert and Darby's coadjutor:
And, as you in commiſſion ſit,
To rule the dairy next to † Kit.
In each capacity I mean
To ſing your praiſe. And firſt as Dean:
Envy muſt own, you underſtand your
Precedence, and ſupport your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel place.
In you ſuch dignity appears;
So ſuited to your ſtate and years!
With ladies what a ſtrict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with ſo much complaiſance,
As fits a princeſs in romance!
By your example and aſſiſtance,
The *fellows* learn to know their diſtance.
Sir Arthur, ſince you ſet the pattern,
No longer calls me *ſnipe* and *flattern*;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the leaſt rebuke.
Proceed we to your ‡ preaching next;
How nice you ſplit the hardeſt text!

* The names of two overſeers.
† My lady's footman.
‡ The author preached but once while he was there. F.

How your ſuperior learning ſhines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera not ſo full pit
Is ſeen, as when you mount our pulpit.
Conſider now your converſation:
Regardful of your age and ſtation,
You ne'er was known, by paſſion ſtirr'd,
To give the leaſt offenſive word:
But ſtill, whene'er you ſilence break,
Watch every ſyllable you ſpeak:
Your ſtyle ſo clear, and ſo conciſe,
We never aſk to hear you twice.
But then, a parſon ſo genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band ſo clean,
As well become St. Patrick's Dean,
Such reverential awe expreſs,
That cow-boys know you by your dreſs!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come in,
How proud are we when you appear,
With ſuch addreſs and graceful port,
As clearly ſhews you bred at court!
Now raiſe your ſpirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler ſcene,
When to the vault you walk in ſtate,
In quality of *butler's-mate*;
You next to * Dennis bear the ſway,
To you we often truſt the key:

* The butler.

[redacted]

Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart;
What pints may best for bottles pass,
Just to give every man his glass:
When proper to produce the best;
And what may serve a common guest.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to steal your master's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome *brother* serving-men;
But that is with a good design,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine;
Your master's honour to maintain;
And get the like returns again.
Your * *usher's* post must next be handled;
How bless'd am I by such a man led!
Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though daggled round, I scorn to fret:
From you my chamber-damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.
Now as a *jester* I accost you;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
Your judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to spare;
By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size;

* He sometimes used to walk with the lady. F.

There's

There's none ſo ignorant or weak
* To take offence at what you ſpeak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a caſe
Whether with Dermot, or His Grace;
With Teague O' Murphey, or an earl;
A dutcheſs, or a kitchen-girl.
With ſuch dexterity you fit
Their ſeveral talents with your wit,
That Moll the chamber-maid can ſmoke,
And Gahagan † take every joke.
I now become your humble ſuitor
To let me praiſe you as my ‡ *tutor*.
Poor I, a ſavage bred and born,
By you inſtructed every morn,
Already have improv'd ſo well,
That I have almoſt learnt to ſpell:
The neighbours, who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me ſpeak ſo *fine*.
How enviouſly the ladies look,
When they ſurprize me at my book!
And ſure as they're alive at night
As ſoon as gone will ſhow their ſpight:
Good lord! what can my Lady mean,
Converſing with that ruſty Dean!

* The neighbouring ladies were no great underſtanders of raillery. F.

† The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-Hill. See above, p. 59.

‡ In bad weather the author uſed to direct my lady in her reading. F.,

She 's grown ſo nice, and ſo *penurious*,
With Socrates and Epicurius.
How could ſhe ſit the live-long day,
Yet never aſk us once to play?
But I admire your patience moſt;
That when I 'm duller than a poſt,
Nor can the plaineſt word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are ſo indulgent, and ſo mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could ſpend my life in reading.
You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily.
And to a genius ſo extenſive
No work is grievous or offenſive;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient ſtyes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To baniſh rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,
To keep our poultry ſweet and clean;
To ſweep the manſion-houſe they dwell in;
And cure the rank unſavory ſmelling.
Now enter as the dairy hand-maid:
Suçh charming * butter never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their *milk* for *babes of grace*;

* A way of making butter for breakfaſt, by filling a bottle with cream, and ſhaking it till the butter comes. F.

From

From *tubs* their ſnuffling nonſenſe utter;
Thy *milk* ſhall make us *tubs* of butter.
The biſhop, with his *foot* may burn it*,
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the ſervants overjoy'd
To ſee thy Deanſhip thus employ'd!
Inſtead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook.
Three morning-hours you toſs and ſhake
The bottle till your fingers ake;
Hard is the toil, nor ſmall the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy ſubſtance riſe;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you ſqueeze an ounce at leaſt.
Your Reverence thus, with like ſucceſs
(Nor is your ſkill or labour leſs),
When bent upon ſome ſmart lampoon,
Will toſs and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumblings round the ſkull,
Dilates and makes the veſſel full:
While nothing comes but froth at firſt,
You think your giddy head will burſt;
But, ſqueezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.

* It is a common ſaying, when the milk burns to, that the devil or the biſhop has ſet his foot in it, the devil having been called biſhop of hell. F.

But you have rais'd your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious traveler's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks;
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine.
In separate cells the he's and she's
Here pay their vows with *bended knees*:
For 'tis prophane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single,
And when she feels an *inward motion*,
Come fill'd with *reverence* and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide our blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush;
Here unobserv'd she boldly goes,
And who should say, to *pluck a rose*.
Ye, who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Not ungrateful to the Dean;
Duly, ere you leave your station,
Pour to him a pure libation
Of his own or Smedley's lay,
Billet-doux, or lock of hay:
O! may all who hither come,
Wash with unpolluted thumb!
And when your lofty domes I praise,
Do think of ancient days.

Permit

Permit me then to raiſe my ſtyle,
And ſweetly moralize a while.
Thee, bounteous goddeſs Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe;
Why are thine altars fixt beneath?
When Saturn rul'd the ſkies alone
(That *golden* age to *gold* unknown),
This earthly globe, to thee aſſign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thouſand altars *ſmoaking* round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd:
And here thy daily votaries plac'd
Their ſacrifice with zeal and haſte:
The margin of a purling ſtream
Sent up to thee a grateful ſteam
(Though ſometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads ſwept them from the brink).
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The ſhelter of a ſhady grove;
Or offer'd in ſome flowery vale,
Were, waſted by a gentle gale,
There many a flower abſterſive grew,
Thy favorite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowſlip ſoft, and ſweet jonquil.
But when at laſt uſurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then *gluttony* with greaſy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,

With

With watery chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily ſkin;
Wedg'd in a ſpacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble ſhare,
As if ſhe ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmleſs man to cram and ſtuff.
She ſent her prieſt in wooden ſhoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Inſtead of wholeſome bread and cheeſe,
To dreſs their ſoops and fricaſſees;
And, for our home-bred Britiſh cheer,
Botargo, catſup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, ſprung from hell,
Confin'd thee, goddeſs, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
Firſt, lolling *ſloth* in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale *dropſy* with a ſallow face,
Her belly burſt, and ſlow her pace:
And lordly *gout*, wrapt up in furr:
And wheezing *aſthma*, loth to ſtir:
Voluptuous *eaſe*, the child of *wealth*,
Infecting thus our hearts by ſtealth.
None ſeek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obſcene
Preſent a ſacrifice unclean;
From whence unſavory vapours roſe,
Offenſive to thy nicer noſe.

Ah!

Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the ſceptre and the ſpade.
Ye great-ones, why will ye diſdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches ſide;
When from the homelieſt earthen ware
Are ſent up offerings more ſincere,
Than where the haughty dutcheſs locks
Her ſilver vaſe in cedar-box?
Yet ſome devotion ſtill remains
Among our harmleſs northern ſwains,
Whoſe offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our cryſtal rivers' banks;
Nor ſeldom grace the flowery downs,
With ſpiral tops and copple-crowns;
Or gilding in a ſunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets ſing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
Hither, by luckleſs error led,
The crude conſiſtence oft' I tread:
Here, when my ſhoes are out of caſe,
Unweeting gild the tarniſh'd lace;
Here, by the ſacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.
Be witneſs for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with deſign:

Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To waſh thy injur'd offering out.
But ſtop, ambitious Muſe, in time,
Nor dwell on ſubjects too ſublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aſpiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
Accoſting ſaid, * "Go ſhake your cream."
Be humbly-minded, know your poſt;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toaſt.
Thee beſt befits a lowly ſtyle:
Teach Dennis how to ſtir the † gruel:
With ‡ Peggy Dixon thoughtful ſit,
Contriving for the pot and ſpit.
Take down thy proudly ſwelling ſails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:
At nicely-carving ſhew thy wit;
But ne'er preſume to eat a bit:
Turn every way thy watchful eye;
And every gueſt be ſure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be theſe thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.

* In the bottle, to make butter. F.
† The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time. F.
‡ Mrs. Dixon, the houſe-keeper. F.

But Cloacina, goddeſs bright,
Sleek ——— claims her as his right:
And Smedley, flower of all divines,
Shall ſing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I. LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II. By diſputing, I will never,
To convince you, once endeavour.

III. When a paradox you ſtick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV. When I talk, and you are heedleſs,
I will ſhew no anger needleſs.

V. When your ſpeeches are abſurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jeſt or humourous ſtory
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite miſtake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I ſuppoſe,
You can taſte my verſe or proſe.

IX. You no more at me ſhall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

X. You

X. You ſhall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI. Shew your poverty of ſpirit,
And in dreſs place all your merit;
Give yourſelf ten thouſand airs;
That with me ſhall break no ſquares.

XII. Never will I give advice,
Till you pleaſe to aſk me thrice:
Which, if you in ſcorn reject,
'Twill be juſt as I expect.

Thus we both ſhall have our ends,
And continue ſpecial friends.

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL. 1730.

FROM diſtant regions Fortune ſends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a ſcanty ſtipend,
Where never yet a codlin ripen'd:
Hither the frantic goddeſs draws
Three ſufferers in a ruin'd cauſe:
By faction baniſh'd, here unite,
A Dean *, a Spaniard †, and a Knight ‡;

* Dr. Swift.

† Col. Harry Leſlie, who ſerved and lived long in Spain. See p. 189.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheſon.

Unite, but on conditions cruel;
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well.
Condemn'd to live in ſervice hard;
On either ſide his honour's guard:
The Dean, to guard his honour's back,
Muſt build a caſtle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, ſore againſt his will,
Muſt raiſe a fort at Market-hill.
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At *north* and *ſouth* are poſted centry;
While, in his lordly caſtle fixt,
The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches moſt reſent,
To be his ſlaves, muſt pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their *chief*,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
Oh, Fortune! 'tis a ſcandal for thee
To ſmile on thoſe who are leaſt worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His ſlaves have ten times more than he.
Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard muſt reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are *thy* ſervices and ſufferings?
What if for nothing once you kiſt,
Againſt the grain, a monarch's fiſt?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You loſt a place, and ſav'd a bribe?
And then in ſurly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a year,

And

And fierce againſt the Whigs harangu'd:
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?
Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's-mount deſcend,
And to the ſouth my ſquadrons bend.
New-river-walk with friendly ſhade
Shall keep my horſe in ambuſcade;
While you, from where the ſalion ſtands,
Shall ſcale the rampart with your hands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton ſan ſhe wears;
Then, leſt upon our firſt attack
Her valiant arm ſhould force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a ſtratagem contriv'd.
By theſe embroider'd high-heel'd ſhoes
She ſhall be caught as in a nooſe;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She 'll not have power to ſtir an inch:
Theſe gaudy ſhoes muſt Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;

From *tubs* their ſnuffling nonſenſe utter:
Thy *milk* ſhall make us *tubs* of butter.
The biſhop, with his *foot* may burn it*,
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the ſervants overjoy'd
To ſee thy Deanſhip thus employ'd!
Inſtead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning-hours you toſs and ſhake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor ſmall the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy ſubſtance riſe;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you ſqueeze an ounce at leaſt.
Your Reverence thus, with like ſucceſs
(Nor is your ſkill or labour leſs),
When bent upon ſome ſmart lampoon,
Will toſs and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumblings round the ſkull,
Dilates and makes the veſſel full:
While nothing comes but froth at firſt,
You think your giddy head will burſt;
But, ſqueezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.

* It is a common ſaying, when the milk burns to, that the devil or the biſhop has ſet his foot in it, the devil having been called biſhop of hell. F.

But

Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We 'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whoſe ſkill does all in dreſs lie,
May ſerve to wait on Mrs. Leſlie;
But, leſt it might not be ſo proper
That her own maid ſhould over-top her,
To mortify the creature more,
We 'll take her heels five inches lower.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our intereſt to get rid of her:
And, when we execute our plot,
'Tis beſt to hang her on the ſpot;
As all your politicians wiſe
Diſpatch the rogues by whom they riſe.

TRAULUS.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

TOM AND ROBIN. 1730.

THE FIRST PART.

Tom. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus* mean
By bellowing thus againſt the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry ſcribbler,
Papiſt, and Jacobite, and Libeler;
Yet cannot prove a ſingle fact?

Robin. Forgive him, Tom: his head is crackt.

* Lord Allen. D. S.

T. What miſchief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why muſt he ſputter, ſpawl, and ſlaver it
In vain againſt the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-ſaving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?

R. Why, Tom, I think the caſe is plain;
Party and ſpleen have turn'd his brain.

T. Such friendſhip never man profeſt,
The Dean was never ſo careſt;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at laſt it burſt.
That clumſy outſide of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

R. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet ſtill inſiſt the man is mad.

T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to diſtinguiſh friends from foes;
And, though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He ſtill has gratitude and ſap'ence,
To ſpare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Not in their eyes at random piſſes,
But turns aſide like mad Ulyſſes:
While Traulus all his ordure ſcatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come theſe inconſiſtent fits?

R. Why, Tom, the man has loſt his wits.

T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer ſnaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,

Hangs

Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he 's mad, will not avail;
The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead,
"Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus when he first harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer 's the less offensive brute.
R. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there 's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
"He only meant it for your good;
"His friendship was exactly trim'd,
"He shot before your foes were prim'd.
"By this contrivance, Mr. Dean;
"By O—! I'll bring you off as clean —"
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
"'Twas all for love," and that 's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:

* This is the usual excuse of Traulus, when he uses you to others without provocation. F.

What-

Whate'er he ſpeaks for madneſs goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.
T. The ſcrubbieſt cur in all the pack
Can ſet the maſtiff on your back.
I own, his madneſs is a jeſt,
If that were all. But he 's poſſeſt,
Incarnate with a thouſand imps,
To work whoſe ends his madneſs pimps;
Who o'er each ſtring and wire preſide,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture, to the devil aſſign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him *legion*.
Of *brethren* he 's a *falſe accuſer*;
A ſlanderer, traitor, and ſeducer;
A fawning, baſe, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his ſire.
Or, grant him but a drone at beſt;
A drone can raiſe a hornet's neſt.
The Dean had felt their ſtings before;
And muſt their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still ſwarm and buzz about his noſe?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous poſt,
When wanted by his country moſt;
Perverſely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.

What

What ſpirit, ſince the world began,
Could *always* bear to *ſtrive with man?*
Which God pronounc'd, he never would,
And ſoon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet ſtill the Dean on freedom raves;
His ſpirit always ſtrives with ſlaves.
'Tis time at laſt to ſpare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or ſink.

TRAULUS.

THE SECOND PART.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mungril ſeed;
By the *dam* from lordlings ſprung,
By the *ſire* exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and ſee their growth.
View him on the mother's ſide,
Fill'd with faltehood, ſpleen, and pride;
Poſitive and over-bearing,
Changing ſtill, and ſtill adhering;
Spiteful, peeviſh, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he moſt is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever deareſt friendſhip ſwearing;

Judgment

Judgment weak, and paſſion
Always various, always wro
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where h
Talks whate'er comes in his
Wiſhes it were all unſa'd.
Let me now the vices trace
From the *father's* ſcoundrel
Who could give the looby ſu
Were they *maſons*, were they
Herald, lend the Muſe an an
From his *atavus* and grandfa
This was dextrous at his trow
That was bred to kill a cow
Hence the greaſy clumſy mie
In his dreſs and figure ſeen;
Hence the mean and ſordid ſo
Like his body, rank and foul
Hence that wild ſuſpicious pe
Like a rogue that ſteals a ſhee
Hence he learnt the butcher's
How to cut your throat and
Like a butcher, doom'd for li
In his *mouth* to wear his *knife*
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants vital blood.
Laſtly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the maſon's fi
Some perhaps may think him
In the ſtate to build a Babel;

Could we place him in a ſtation
To deſtroy the old *foundation*.
True indeed, I ſhould be gladder,
Could he learn to mount a *ladder*.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead deſcend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices moſt, or male?
What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human race, or *imps* of *hell*?

ROBIN AND HARRY*.

ROBIN to beggars, with a curſe,
Throws the laſt ſhilling in his purſe;
And, when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue muſt call another day.
Grave Harry, when the poor are preſſing,
Gives them a penny, and God's bleſſing;
But, always careful of the main,
With two-pence left, walks home in rain.
Robin, from noon to night, will prate,
Runs-out in tongue, as in eſtate:
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to ſay.
Much talking is not Harry's vice:
He need not tell a ſtory twice:
And, if he always be ſo thrifty,
His fund may laſt to five and fifty.

* Sons of Dr. Leſlie. Harry was a colonel in the Spaniſh ſervice. See above, p. 179. N.

It ſo fell out, that cautious Harry,
As ſoldiers uſe, for love muſt marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean croſt;
(All for Love, or the World well Loſt!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Juſt big enough to ſhelter two in;
And in his houſe, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his *modicum*.
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her ſpouſe;
Or darns his hoſe, or mends his breeches,
While Harry 's fencing up his ditches.
Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and ſix,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A miſtreſs worth five thouſand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her;
And ſell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a meſs of broth.
Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quinteſſence of beaux;
But, when eſpous'd, he ran the fate
That muſt attend the marry'd ſtate;
From gold brocade and ſhining armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt beſmear'd;
Nor twice a week will ſhave his beard.
Old Robin, all his youth a ſloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,

Clad

Clad in a coat of paduaſoy,
A flaxen wig, and waiſtcoat gay,
Powder'd from ſhoulder down to flank,
In courtly ſtyle addreſſes Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying thoſe defects by dreſs,
Which I muſt leave the world to gueſs.

TO BETTY THE GRIZETTE. 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the Muſe forget ye:
How thy face charms every ſhepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, diſplay'd,
Envy breeds in every maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny ſpeckled pippin,
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping.
And, thy beauty thus diſpatch'd,
Let me praiſe thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phraſes, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue ſupply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old ſcraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all chriſtian folks:
Shreds of wit, and ſenſeleſs rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thouſand times.

Nor wilt thou of gifts be ſparing,
Which can ne'er be worſe for wearing:
Picking wit among collegians,
In the play-houſe upper regions;
Where, in eighteen-penny gallery,
Iriſh nymphs learn Iriſh raillery:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endued
To be ſcurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raiſe your ſnout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and ſhout;
This among Hibernian aſſes
For ſheer wit and humour paſſes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

DEATH went upon a ſolemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kiſt
His griſly monarch's ſooty fiſt,
Preſented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, obſerving ſince the peace
The burial-article decreaſe,

And, vext to see affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in council, Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old batchelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That Death should get a numerous breed;
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.
A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megæra takes
A periwig of twisted snakes;
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd
(Like *toupets* of this upper world),
With flour of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder of the fable kind
In line direct hung down behind;
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all,
But, lest his person to expose
Bare, like a carcase pickt by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment-case.
No new-flux'd lake shew'd fairer skin;
Nor Phyllis after lying-in.

With ſnuff was fill'd his ebon box
Of ſhin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine ſpirits of blaſpheming ſops
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful ſounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!
Thus furniſh'd out, he ſent his train
To take a houſe in Warwick-lane:
The *faculty*, his humble friends,
A complimental meſſage ſends:
Their preſident in ſcarlet gown
Harangued, and welcom'd him to town.
But Death had buſineſs to diſpatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His *majeſty of terrors* came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To viſit where ſhe ſate at cards:
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleaſure jumps;
She ſcarce remembers what is trumps;
For ſuch a ſhape of ſkin and bone
Was never ſeen, except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and ſnout,
Her pocket-glaſs drew ſlily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As juſt the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the firſt advance;

Was of her beauty grown ſo vain,
She doubted not to win the *ſwain.*
Nothing ſhe thought could ſooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.
She aſk'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau;
Whether ſome late departed toaſts
Had got gallants among the ghoſts?
If Cloe were a ſharper ſtill
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there muſt needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books!)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom ſhe hang'd herſelf above?
How oft' a week was kept a ball
By Proſerpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied thoſe Elyſian ſhades
The ſweeteſt place for maſquerades:
How pleaſant, on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and ſix!
What pride a female heart inflames!
How endleſs are ambition's aims!
Ceaſe, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death muſt not be a ſpouſe for thee:
For, when by chance the meagre ſhade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial ſpirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguiſh'd Cupid's lamp:

Away the frighted ſpectre ſcuds,
And leaves my lady in the ſuds.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal eaſe,
How to vex and how to pleaſe;
But the folly of her ſex
Makes her ſole delight to vex.
Never woman more deviſ'd
Surer ways to be deſpis'd:
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To diſpute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments ſhe lays on,
And with cavils combats reaſon;
Anſwers in deciſive way,
Never hears what you can ſay:
Still her odd perverſeneſs ſhows
Chiefly where ſhe nothing knows;
And, where ſhe is moſt familiar,
Always peeviſher and ſillier:
All her ſpirits in a flame
When ſhe knows ſhe 's moſt to blame.
Send me hence ten thouſand miles,
From a face that always ſmiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a Fury in her heart.

Was of her beauty grown ſo vain,
She doubted not to win the *ſwain*.
Nothing ſhe thought could ſooner gain him,
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And, where ſhe is moſt familiar,
Always peeviſher and ſillier:
All her ſpirits in a flame
When ſhe knows ſhe 's moſt to blame.
Send me hence ten thouſand miles,
From a face that always ſmiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a Fury in her heart.

Ye who hate ſuch inconſiſtence,
To be eaſy, keep your diſtance;
Or in folly ſtill befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.
Loſe not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought,
That ſhe 'll own, or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to adviſe her wrong;
And reprove her when ſhe 's right;
She may then grow wiſe for ſpight.
No — that ſcheme will ne'er ſucceed,
She has better learnt her creed:
She 's too cunning, and too ſkilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth, and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful;
This is flattering and delightful:
That ſhe throws away as foul;
Sits by this, to dreſs her ſoul.
Thus you have the caſe in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you,
Heaven forbid he ſhould deſpiſe thee!
But will never more adviſe thee.

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE. BY DR. DELANY. 1730.

"—— Quis iniquus
"Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?"
Juv.

IN ancient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have conn'd the records right)
A Peacock reign'd, whoſe glorious ſway
His ſubjects with delight obey:
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold
(Fair emblem of that Monarch's guiſe,
Whoſe train at once is rich and wiſe).
And princely rul'd he many regions,
And ſtateſmen wiſe, and valiant legions.
A Pheaſant Lord *, above the reſt,
With every grace and talent bleſt,
Was ſent to ſway, with all his ſkill,
The ſceptre of a neighbouring hill †.
No ſcience was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own:
In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead:
For birds, if ancient tales ſay true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too,

* Lord Carteret, lord lieutenant of Ireland.
† *Ireland.*

Could

Could read and write in prose and verse,
And speak like ***, and build like Pearce †.
He knew their voices, and their wings,
Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings;
Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true sublime:
Their merits he could well descry,
He had so exquisite an eye;
And when that fail'd, to shew them clear,
He had as exquisite an ear.
It chanc'd, as on a day he stray'd,
Beneath an Academic shade,
He lik'd, amidst a thousand throats,
The wildness of a Woodlark's † notes,
And search'd, and spy'd, and seiz'd his game,
And took him home, and made him tame;
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.
Here some shrewd critick finds I 'm caught,
And cries out, "Better fed than taught" —
Then jests on *game* and *tame*, and reads
And jests, and so my tale proceeds.
Long had he study'd in the Wood,
Conversing with the wise and good;
His soul with harmony inspir'd,
With love of truth and virtue fir'd:
His Brethren's good and Maker's praise
Were all the study of his lays;

* A famous modern architect.
† Dr. Delany.

Were all his ſtudy in retreat,
And now employ'd him with the Great.
His friendſhip was the ſure reſort
Of all the wretched at the Court;
But chiefly merit in diſtreſs
His greateſt bleſſing was to bleſs. —
This fix'd him in his Patron's breaſt,
But fir'd with envy all the reſt:
I mean that noiſy craving crew,
Who round the Court inceſſant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
To fill the maws of ſons and couſins:
"Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,
"To every thought of common good,
"Confining every hope and care"
To their own low contracted ſphere.
Theſe ran him down with ceaſeleſs cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit ſupply'd
Sufficient matter to deride:
"'Tis Envy's ſafeſt, ſureſt rule,
"To hide her rage in ridicule:
"The vulgar eye ſhe beſt beguiles,
"When all her ſnakes are deck'd with ſmiles:"
Sardonic ſmiles, by rancour rais'd!
"Tormented moſt when ſeeming pleas'd!"
Their ſpight had more than half expir'd,
Had he not wrote what all admir'd;
What morſels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!

How had his sense and learning [illegible],
But that his charity [illegible]
"At highest Worth [illegible]
"As slugs pollute [illegible]
"Envy defames, [illegible]
"Devour the [illegible]
Now ask the [illegible]
"He was not [illegible]
What then [illegible]
"Why what [illegible]
"What tyrant [illegible]
"Or racks, or [illegible]
"Th' [illegible]
"Is [illegible]
"Or, if it [illegible]
"But [illegible]
If [illegible]
(He [illegible]
The [illegible]
Where [illegible]
Plain [illegible]
Easy [illegible]
[illegible]
With [illegible]
Alike [illegible]
They [illegible]
Yet [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

('Though some, who would be thought to know,
Are positive it was a Crow);
Jack Daw was seconded by 'Tit,
Tom 'Tit * could write, and so he writes,
A tribe of tuneless praters follow,
The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow;
And twenty more their throats let loose,
Down to the witless waddling Goose.
Some pick'd at him, some flew, some flutter'd,
Some hiss'd, some scream'd, and others muttered:
The Crow, on carrion wont to feast,
The Carrion Crow condemn'd his taste:
The Rook in earnest too, not joking,
Swore all his singing was but croaking.
Some thought they meant to shew their wit,
Might think to kill — "but that they writ" —
Could it be spight or envy? — "No —
"Who did no ill, could have no foe." —
So Wise Simplicity esteem'd,
Quite otherwise 'True Wisdom deem'd;
'This question rightly understood,
"What more provokes than doing good?
"A soul ennobled and refin'd
"Reproaches every baser mind:
"As strains exalted and melodious
"Make every meaner musick odious." —
At length the Nightingale † was heard,
For voice and wisdom long rever'd,

* Dr. Sheridan. † Dean Swift.

Discern'd

[redacted]

Esteem'd of all the wife and good,
The Guardian Genius of the wood:
He long in discontent retir'd,
Yet not obscur'd, but more admir'd,
His brethren's servile souls disdaining,
He liv'd indignant and complaining:
They now afresh provoke his choler
(It seems the Lark had been his scholar,
A favourite scholar always near him,
And oft' had wak'd whole nights to hear him);
Enrag'd he canvasses the matter,
Exposes all their senseless chatter,
Shews him and them in such a light,
As more enflames, yet quells their spight.
They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had rais'd it very high:
Sham'd by the wisdom of his Notes,
They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE

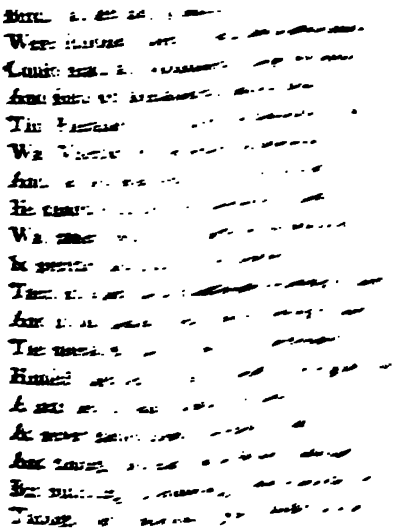
OF THE

PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

IN ancient times, the wife were able
In proper terms to write a fable;
Their tales would always justly suit
The characters of every brute.
The ass was dull, the lion brave,
The stag was swift, the fox a knave;

'The

The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound would ſcent, the wolf would prole
A pigeon would, if ſhown by Æſop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his peaſe up.
Far otherwiſe a great Divine
Has learnt his Fables to refine:
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You ſee him firſt the peacock bring,
Againſt all rules, to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wiſe.
Now, pray, obſerve the Doctor's choice,
A peacock choſe for flight and voice:
Did ever mortal ſee a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his ſinging, Doctor, you know,
Himſelf complain'd of it to Juno.
He ſqualls in ſuch a helliſh noiſe,
It frightens all the village boys.
This peacock kept a ſtanding force,
In regiments of foot and horſe;
Had ſtateſmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind
(And this was thought the higheſt poſt;
For, rule the rump, you rule the roaſt).
The doctor names but one at preſent,
And he of all birds was a pheaſant.
This pheaſant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ;



Take my advice; to make you ſafe,
I know a ſhorter way by half.
The point is plain: remove the cauſe;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be ſometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely deſpiſe Champagne at Court,
And chuſe to dine at home with Port:
Let Prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor ſell what they ſo dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true ſatiric Muſe
Virtue or Innocence abuſe;
And 'tis againſt poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAG

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich Divine * began to woo
A handſome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an Earl.
Her parents and her friends conſent,
The couple to the temple went:
They firſt invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas anſwer'd, "She would not be ſeen:"

* *The date* and hero of this poem are unknown.

The Graces next, and all the Muſes,
Were bid in form, but ſent excuſes.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing-candle for a torch;
While miſtreſs Iris held her train,
The faded bow diſtilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But ſhew'd no more than half her face.
Whate'er thoſe dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was ſpent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promiſe nothing for the night.
The Bridegroom, dreſt to make a figure,
Aſſumes an artificial vigour;
A flouriſht night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, ſmiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
And thus ſet out this happy pair,
The Swain is rich, the Nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The Swain is old, the Nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together ſtart;
Scarce run a ſtep before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Leſs correſponding than their years.
Her ſpouſe deſires his coffee ſoon,
She riſes to her tea at noon.

While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glaſs conſults her looks;
While Betty 's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dreſs theſe parſons wear!
So odd a choice how could ſhe make!
Wiſh'd him a colonel for her ſake.
Then, on her fingers ends, ſhe counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, ſhe heard her uncle ſay,
Is ſixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no diſguiſe;
You ſee the crows-feet round his eyes.
At one ſhe rambles to the ſhops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradeſmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning-buſineſs o'er,
Sits down to dinner juſt at four;
Minds nothing that is done or ſaid,
Her evening-work ſo fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukiſh, and his ſtomach gone;
In thread-bare gown, would ſcarce a louſe hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his houſhold;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never aſks, or aſks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the ſneaking parſon's airs,

Computes, that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
Canst thou imagine, dull Divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine?
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire as well as pride;
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.
If in her coach she 'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her cloaths,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly Divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her Ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon:
She 'll say, and she may truly say 't,
She can't abide to stay out late.

But now, though ſcarce a twelvemonth marry'
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miſcarry'd:
The cauſe, alas, is quickly gueſt;
The town has whiſper'd round the jeſt.
Think on ſome remedy in time,
You find his Reverence paſt his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.

For Venus, riſing from the ocean,
Infus'd a ſtrong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs' ſpring,
The *horned* flood, as poets ſing,
Who, with an Engliſh beauty ſmitten,
Ran under-ground from Greece to Britain,
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the Nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For huſbands paſt their youth to find:
The Nymph, who ſtill with paſſion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childleſs wives croud every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.

Hither, though much againſt the grain,
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not conſent,
But vow'd his money all was ſpent:
His money ſpent! a clowniſh reaſon!
And muſt my Lady ſlip her ſeaſon?

The Doctor, with a double fee,
Was bribe'd to make the Dean agree.
  Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my Lady's case:
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise;
His money and her time employs
In musick, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft have found one there:
Where if the Dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years.
He keeps his distance in the gallery,
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expose
To bathe among the belles and beaux.
  So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings fatter'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
  The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.
  The widow goes through all her forms;
New lovers now will come in swarms.

Oh, may I ſee her ſoon diſpenſing
Her favours to ſome broken enſign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarniſh'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And ſpend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting preſent, leave her
A rooted pox to laſt for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR THE

TRUE ENGLISH DEAN*

TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of England, who love us ſo dear,
And in all they do for us ſo kindly do mean,
(A bleſſing upon them!) have ſent us this year
For the good of our church, a true Engliſh Dean.
A holier prieſt ne'er was wrapt up in crape,
The worſt you can ſay, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Cheſter,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burſt into her chamber, and would have careſs'd her;
But ſhe valued her honour much more than her life.
She buſtled and ſtruggled, and made her eſcape
To a room full of gueſts, for fear of a rape.

* Sawbridge, Dean of Ferns. F.

III. The

III.

The Dean he purſued, to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company ſtood in defence of the dame,
They cudgel'd, and cuft him, and kick'd him down ſtairs.
His Deanſhip was now in a damnable ſcrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No ſcruple came on him his gown to expoſe,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himſelf drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The Dean, and his landlord a jolly comrade,
Reſolv'd for a fortnight to ſwim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his Deanſhip to ape
In every debauch but committing a rape.

VI.

This Proteſtant zealot, this Engliſh divine,
In church and in ſtate was of principles ſound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a Tory ſhould live above ground.
Shall a ſubject ſo loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape?

VII.

By old Popiſh canons, as wiſe men have penn'd 'em,
Each prieſt had a concubine, *jure eccleſiæ*;
Who 'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam*?
And precedents we can produce, if it pleaſe ye:
Then why ſhould the Dean, when whores are ſo cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

VIII.

If fortune ſhould pleaſe but to take ſuch a crotchet
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's ſucceſſor)
To give thee *lawn ſleeves*, a *mitre*, and *rochet*,
Whom wouldſt thou reſemble? I leave thee a gueſſer.
But I only behold thee in Atherton's * ſhape,
For *ſodomy* hang'd; as thou for a rape.

IX.

Ah! doſt thou not envy the brave colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threeſcore-and-ten?
To hang him, all England would lend him their garters,
Yet he lives, and is ready to raviſh again.
Then throttle thyſelf with an ell of ſtrong tape,
For thou haſt not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were ſo willing;
He long'd for a girl that would ſtruggle and ſquall;
He raviſh'd her fairly, and ſav'd a good ſhilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and ſorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he muſt be for committing a rape.

* A biſhop of Waterford, of infamous character. N.

XI. If

XII.

If maidens are ravish'd, 'tis their own choice
  Why are they so wishful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and hide their voice,
  No Devil nor Dean could touch them then.
Nor would there be need of a throng between
Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

XIII.

Our Church and our State dear England maintains,
  For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad:
She sends us our Bishops and Judges and Deans.
  And better would give us, if better she had.
But, lord! how the rabble will curse and will gape,
When the good English Dean is hang'd up for a rape!

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

THE thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail,
  The proverb says, *no fence against a flail.*
From *threshing* corn he turns to *thresh* his brains;
For which her Majesty allows him *grains.*
Though 'tis confest, that those, who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a *straw!*
  Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threshing *stubble!*
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

THE

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM.

FIVE hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Celia spent in dressing;
The Goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An *inventory* follows here.

And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side:
In such a case, few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Celia sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;
Fill'd-up with dirt so closely fixt,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth with oil upon 't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front:

Here alum flower, to stop the steams
Exhal'd from four unlavory streams;
There night-gloves made of Tripley's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripley when he died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripley's darling whelp.
Here galley-pots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.
Hard-by a filthy bason stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands;
The bason takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here the spits, and here the spues.
But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and finels the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd,
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grim'd;
No object Strephon's eye escapes;
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes,
Or greasy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Celia slept at least a week in?
A pair of [illegible] next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;

Or hairs that ſink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like briſtles grow.
The virtues we muſt not let paſs
Of Cælia's magnifying-glaſs;
When frighted Strephon caſt his eye on 't,
It ſhew'd the viſage of a giant:
A glaſs that can to ſight diſcloſe
The ſmalleſt worm in Cælia's noſe,
And faithfully direct her nail
To ſqueeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It muſt come out, alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the reſt?
And muſt you needs deſcribe the cheſt?
That careleſs wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it ſtanding full in ſight,
For you to exerciſe your ſpite?
In vain the workman ſhew'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this diſguiſe
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go through *thick and thin*.
He lifts the lid; there needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the time before.
As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A ſudden univerſal crew
Of human evils upward flew,

He still was comforted to find
That *hope* at last remain'd behind;
So Strephon, lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
And foul his hands in search of *hope*.
O! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Cælia's chamber seen!
O! may she better learn to keep
Those *secrets of the heavy deep* *!
As mutton-cutlets, † *prime of meat*,
Which, though with art you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench;
So things which must not be expreſt,
When *plumps* into the seeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell
To taint the parts from whence they fell:
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round every room.

* Milton. † Prima virorum.

Thus

Thus finiſhing his grand ſurvey,
The ſwain diſguſted ſlunk away;
Repeating in his amorous fits,
"Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia ſh—!"
But Vengeance, goddeſs never ſleeping,
Soon puniſh'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he ſees with all her ſtinks;
And, if unſavory odours fly,
Conceives a lady ſtanding by.
All women his deſcription fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled faſt,
And ſtill appearing in *contraſt*.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman-kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuſe,
Becauſe ſhe roſe from ſtinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the ſcene,
Statira's but ſome pocky quean.

When Cælia all her glory ſhows,
If Strephon would but ſtop his noſe,
Who now ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her waſhes, ſlops, and every clout,
With which he makes ſo foul a rout:
He ſoon would learn to think like me,
And bleſs his raviſh'd eyes to ſee
Such order from confuſion ſprung,
Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from dung.

THE

THE POWER OF TIME. 1730.

IF neither braſs nor marble can withſtand
The mortal force of Time's deſtructive hand;
If mountains ſink to vales, if cities die,
And leſſening rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old caſſock (ſaid a Welſh divine)
Is out at elbows; why ſhould I repine?

ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

SIR Robert, weary'd by Will Pulteney's teazings,
Who interrupted him in all his leaſings,
Reſolv'd that Will and he ſhould meet no more:
Full in his face Bob ſhuts the council-door;
Nor lets him ſit as juſtice on the bench,
To puniſh thieves, or laſh a ſuburb-wench.
Yet ſtill St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter.—What ſhall I adviſe?
Ev'n quit the HOUSE, for thou too long haſt ſat in't,
Produce at laſt thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy maſter's throne in ſhelter plac'd,
Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waſte.
Yet ſtill I fear your work is done but half:
For, while he keeps his pen, you are not ſafe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.
A hare had long eſcap'd purſuing hounds
By often ſhifting into diſtant grounds;

Till,

Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To ſave his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no ſafety find,
A pack of *dog-fiſh* had him in the wind.
He ſcours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Deſcends for ſhelter to the ſhades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den
(He had not ſeen a hare the lord knows when).
Out bounc'd the maſtiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double ſwiftneſs fled:
Hunted from earth, and ſea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for ſafety to the ſkies.
How was the fearful animal diſtreſt!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the reſt:
Sirius, the ſwifteſt of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to ſeize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but firſt it coſt him dear:
He left his ſcut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare purſued, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, ſhalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honeſt Robin, of thy corpſe beware;
Thou art not half ſo nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the ſky;
Nor can you go to *hell*, before you die.
So keen thy *hunters*, and thy *ſcent* ſo ſtrong,
Thy *turns* and *doublings* cannot ſave thee long *.

* This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer firſt miniſter, but earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but earl of Bath. H.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH
ON
FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG*.

Hic infra ſitum eſt corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
ad BUDINDAM occiſi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
Ut HÆREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed poſtquam per epiſtolas, per amicos,
diu ac ſæpè orando nil profecêre;
Hunc demum lapidem ipſi ſtatuerunt,
† Saltem ut ſcias, hoſpes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres
deliteſcunt.
" Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
" Quam ſanguinis proximitas apud ſuos."
A. D. 1731.

* The duke was unhappily killed, in croſſing the river Boyne, July 1, 1690; and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a ſmall monument to his honour, at their own expence.

† The words that Dr. Swift firſt concluded the epitaph with, were " Saltem ut ſciat viator indignabundus, " quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineres deliteſcunt."

CASSINUS AND PETER

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

TWO college ſophs of Cambridge growth,
Both ſpecial wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet
On love, and books, in rapture ſweet
(Muſe, find me names to fit my metre,
Caſſinus this, and t' other Peter);
Friend Peter to Caſſinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his noſe:
But ſuch a ſight was never ſeen,
The lad lay ſwallow'd up in ſpleen.
He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of bed;
One greaſy ſtocking round his head,
The other he ſat down to darn
With threads of different-colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn expoſing wide
A ragged ſhirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his ſhins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his ſhoulders thrown
(A rug; for night-gown he had none).
His jordan ſtood in manner fitting
Between his legs to ſpew or ſpit in;
His ancient pipe, in ſable dy'd,
And half unſmok'd, lay by his ſide.

His

Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in ſmoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his laſt night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
Why, Caſſy, thou wilt doze thy pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed ſo late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thruſh,
Their mattins chant in every buſh:
And I have heard thee oft' ſalute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven ſend thou haſt not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
Then gave him ſome familiar thumps;
A college-joke, to cure the dumps.
The ſwain at laſt, with grief oppreſt,
Cry'd, Cælia! thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.
Dear Caſſy, though to aſk I dread,
Yet aſk I muſt. Is Cælia dead?
How happy I, were that the worſt!
But I was fated to be curſt.
Come, tell us, has ſhe play'd the whore?
Oh, Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague-confound her ſandy locks!
Say, has the ſmall or greater pox
Sunk down her noſe, or ſeam'd her face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common caſe.
Oh, Peter! beauty 's but a varniſh,
Which time and accidents will tarniſh:
But Cælia has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe beauties that might ever laſt.

Nor can imagination gueſs,
Nor eloquence divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My pureſt paſſion has betray'd.
Conceive the moſt invenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.
Why, hang her; though ſhe ſeem ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the barber's boy.
Friend Peter, this I could excuſe;
For every nymph has leave to chuſe;
Nor have I reaſon to complain,
She loves a more deſerving ſwain.
But, oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A crime, that ſhocks all human-kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the ſun ſhould hide his face:
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to deſpair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
Theſe elegies and ſonnets burn;
And on the marble grave theſe rhymes,
A monument to after-times:
"Here Caſſy lies, by Cælia ſlain,
"And dying never told his pain."
Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there—behold Alecto ſtand,
A whip of ſcorpions in her hand.
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry.

I come,

I come, I come, Medusa! see,
Her serpents hiss direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:
"* Avaunt—ye cannot say 'tis I."
Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee, [illegible];
And Cælia's horrid fact [illegible]:
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.
To force it out, my heart must rend:
Yet when conjur'd by such a friend—
Think, Peter, how my soul is rather!
These eyes, these eyes, [illegible].
Now bend thine ear, [illegible],
But, when thou feest me [illegible],
The secret thou shalt never impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin [illegible]
A crime to all her sex [illegible])
Nor whisper to the [illegible]
The blackest of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;
Nor let the Zephyrs [illegible] gale
Through Cambridge waft [illegible] tale,
Nor to the chattering feather's race
Discover Cælia's foul disgrace.

* See Macbeth.

But, if you fail, my ſpectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed:
And yet I dare confide in you:
So take my ſecret, and adieu.
Nor wonder how I loſt my wits:
Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia ſh—!

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no ſhepherd ſighs in vain;
Never did Covent-garden boaſt
So bright a batter'd ſtrolling toaſt!
No drunken rake to pick her up;
No cellar, where on tick to ſup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four ſtories climbing to her bower;
Then, ſeated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair.
Now picking out a cryſtal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eye-brows from [illegible] ouſe's hide
Stuck on with [illegible] ſide,
Pulls off with [illegible] plays 'em,
Then in a play[illegible] ys 'em.
Now dextrouſly [illegible] ,
That ſerve to f[illegible]

Un

Untwiſts a wire, and from her gums
A ſet of teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely Goddeſs
Unlaces next her ſteel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's ſkill,
Preſs down the lumps, the hollows fill.
Up goes her hand, and off ſhe ſlips
The bolſters that ſupply her hips.
With gentleſt touch ſhe next explores
Her ſhankres, iſſues, running ſores;
Effects of many a ſad diſaſter,
And then to each applies a plaiſter:
But muſt, before ſhe goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And ſmooth the furrows in her front
With greaſy paper ſtuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere ſhe ſleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or, if ſhe chance to cloſe her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the laſh, and faintly ſcreams;
Or, by a faithleſs bully drawn,
At ſome hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica ſeems tranſported
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred ſtinks,

Belated, ſeems on watch to lie,
And ſnap ſome cully paſſing by;
Or, ſtruck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, conſtables, and duns,
From whom ſhe meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs,
Whoſe favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful ſight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaiſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
The cryſtal eye, alas! was miſs'd;
And puſs had on her plumpers p—ſs'd.
A pigeon pick'd her iſſue-peas:
And Shock her treſſes fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Muſt every morn her limbs unite.
But how ſhall I deſcribe her arts
To recollect the ſcatter'd parts?
Or ſhew the anguiſh, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herſelf again?
The baſhful Muſe will never bear
In ſuch a ſcene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who ſees, will ſpue; who ſmells, be poiſon'd.

STREPHON

STREPHON AND CHLOE. 1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
By every ſize of poets ſung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thouſand years;
By Nature form'd with niceſt care,
And faultleſs to a ſingle hair.
Her graceful mien, her ſhape, and face,
Confeſs'd her of no mortal race:
And then ſo nice, and ſo genteel;
Such cleanlineſs from head to heel:
No humours groſs, or frowzy ſteams,
No noiſome whiffs, or ſweaty ſtreams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintleſs body flow:
Would ſo diſcreetly things diſpoſe,
None ever ſaw her pluck a roſe.
Her deareſt comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water:
You 'd ſwear that ſo divine a creature
Felt no neceſſities of nature.
In ſummer had ſhe walk'd the town,
Her arm-pits would not ſtain her gown:
At country-dances not a noſe
Could in the dog-days ſmell her toes.
Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and ſoft as wax.

Her

Her hands, the ſofteſt ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her looſe to ſpoil your trade.
While ſhe ingroſſes every ſwain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a caſe all men are now in,
What ogling, ſighing, toaſting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What ſword-knots! what poetic ſtrains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!
But Strephon ſigh'd ſo loud and ſtrong,
He blew a ſettlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and ſix, and houſe in town.
The baſhful nymph no more withſtands,
Becauſe her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriage-rites.
Imprimis, at the temple-porch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
The ſmiling Cyprian Goddeſs brings
Her infant-loves with purple wings:
And pigeons billing, ſparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muſes next in order follow,
Conducted by their ſquire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with ſilver tongue;
And Hebe, goddeſs ever young.

Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
Walk hand in hand, and ſide by ſide;
She by the tender Graces dreſt,
But he by Mars, in ſcarlet veſt.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus ſung th' *epithalamium*.
And laſt, to make the matter ſure,
Dame Juno brought a prieſt demure.
Luna was abſent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parſon paid,
In ſtate return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzza's from all the boys,
That now the pair muſt *crown their joys*.
But ſtill the hardeſt part remains:
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with ſo high a nymph he might
Demean himſelf the wedding-night:
For, as he view'd his perſon round,
Mere mortal fleſh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
Were duly waſh'd, to keep them ſweet
(With other parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs).
The weather and his love were hot;
And, ſhould he ſtruggle, I know what—
Why, let it go, if I muſt tell it—
He 'll ſweat, and then the nymph may ſmell it;
While ſhe, a goddeſs dy'd in grain,
Was unſuſceptible of ſtain,

And, Venus-like, her fragrant ſkin
Exhal'd *ambroſia* from within.
Can ſuch a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled ſwain deteſt
His prickly beard, and hairy breaſt!
His night-cap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no ſoftneſs to his face.
Yet, if the Goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs raptures muſt he find!
And Goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal men;
To viſit and to court them too:
A certain Goddeſs, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took Colonel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he ſhould loſe his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife?
(For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a ſchool-boy tell,
How Semele of mortal race
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning ſhot from Chloe's eyes?
While theſe reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, ſtript, and in he crept,
But awfully his diſtance kept.
Now *ponder well, ye parents dear*;
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;

And

And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it ſoon;
That, ere to bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it every ſup;
If not, they muſt in evil plight
Be often forc'd to riſe at night.
Keep them to wholeſome food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſes wind:
('Tis this the ſage of Samos means,
Forbidding his diſciples beans.)
O! think what evils muſt enſue;
Miſs Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And, when ſhe once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, ev'n when ſhe meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-ſheets.
Carminative and *diuretic*
Will damp all paſſion ſympathetic:
And Love ſuch nicety requires,
One *blaſt* will put out all his fires.
Since huſbands get behind the ſcene,
The wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean;
Nor give the ſmalleſt room to gueſs
The time when wants of nature preſs;
But after marriage practiſe more
Decorum than ſhe did before;
To keep her ſpouſe deluded ſtill,
And make him fancy what ſhe will.
In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to ſhew how things went there.

Strephon.

Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune ſtill aſſiſts the bold,
Reſolv'd to make the firſt attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
How could a nymph ſo chaſte as Chloe,
With conſtitution cold and ſnowy,
Permit a brutiſh man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by inſtinct fly the butcher.
Reſiſtance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
Yet ſome aſſign a different reaſon;
That Strephon choſe no proper ſeaſon.
Say, Fair-ones, muſt I make a pauſe,
Or freely tell the ſecret cauſe?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I ſpeak)
Had now conſtrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point muſt needs be ſettled firſt:
The bride muſt either void or burſt.
Then ſee the dire effects of peaſe;
Think what can give the colic eaſe.
The nymph, oppreſs'd before, behind,
As ſhips are toſs'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a veſſel into bed;
Fair utenſil, as ſmooth and white
As Chloe's ſkin, almoſt as bright.
Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a mofſy cliff diſtil,

Cry

Cry'd out, Ye Gods! what found is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, —— ?
But when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft attends that lukewarm stream:
(Salerno both together joins,
As sovereign medicines for the loins;)
And though contriv'd, we may suppose,
T'o slip his ears, yet struck his nose:
He found her, while the seem increas'd,
As *mortal* as himself at least.
But soon, with like occasions pleas'd,
He boldly lent his hand in quest
(Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
T'o reach the pot on t'other side:
And, as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a squirt in her face.
The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove, with garlands crown'd)
Amaz'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights,
T'o goddesses so heavenly sweet,
Inspiring shepherds at their feet,
T'o bleer meads and shady bowers,
Strew'd up with amaranthine flowers.
How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraint are freed;
Can lye each other *du their need.*

On

On box of cedar ſits the wife,
And makes it warm for *deareſt life*;
And, by the beaſtly way of thinking,
Find great ſociety in ſtinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homelieſt ſtrains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With intereſt pays him back his own.
No maid at court is leſs aſham'd,
Howe'er for ſelling bargains fam'd,
Than ſhe to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.
Fair Decency, celeſtial maid!
Deſcend from Heaven to Beauty's aid!
Though Beauty may beget deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the Lover's fire;
For Beauty, like ſupreme dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no ſupplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.
To ſee ſome radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birth-day-gear,
You think ſome Goddeſs from the ſky
Deſcended, ready cut and dry:
But, ere you fell yourſelf to laughter,
Conſider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vaniſh faſt,
While all the groſs and filthy laſt.
O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe ſtole your heart away,

Had you but through a cranny spy'd
On houle of eaſe your future bride,
In all the poſtures of her face,
Which nature gives in ſuch a caſe;
Diſtortions, groanings, ſtrainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
'Than from experience find too late
Your goddeſs grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you ſaw, and what you ſmelt;
Would all the ſame ideas give ye,
As when you ſpy'd her on the privy,
And, ſpite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.
Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women muſt be decent;
And from the ſpouſe each blemiſh hide,
More than from all the world beſide.
Unjuſt! all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds to ſhort a reign;
In after marriage loſt to fame,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
But, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take poſſeſſion of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down;
Though, by the politician's ſcheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power ſupreme,
Finds arts, by which at firſt they gain it,
They ſtill muſt practiſe to maintain it.

What various ways our females take
To paſs for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitleſs ſearch purſue
All other methods but the true!
Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books againſt their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some ſhew they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double-meaning.
But ſure a tell-tale out of ſchool
Is of all wits the greateſt fool;
Whoſe rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips diſtils;
You 'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handſome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wiſely hides his wood and wire;
Shews Sheba's queen completely dreſt,
And Solomon in royal veſt:
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or ſtrung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.
A prudent builder ſhould forecaſt
How long the ſtuff is like to laſt;
And carefully obſerve the ground,
To build on ſome foundation ſound.

What houſe, when its materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a baſis unſecure?
Raſh mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to laſt for life:
Since beauty ſcarce endures a day,
And youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourſelf a bubble,
To build on ſand with hay and ſtubble?
On ſenſe and wit your paſſion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good-nature ſtrive,
To keep eſteem and love alive.
Then, come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO;

OR,

A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

APOLLO, god of light and wit,
Could verſe inſpire, but ſeldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chemiſts by their books;
As handſome as my Lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.

His wig was made of ſunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of heaven could ſhow
So nice and ſo complete a beau.
No heir upon his firſt appearance,
With twenty thouſand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he ſold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The ſpokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were ſilver, and the axle gold:
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more!)
Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thouſand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was ſo unfortunate in love.
Three weighty cauſes were aſſign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muſes always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His ſinging was another fault;
For he could reach to *B* in *alt*:
And, by the ſentiments of Pliny,
Such ſingers are like Nicolini.
At laſt, the point was fully clear'd;
In ſhort, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMN'D.

1732.

ALL folks, who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's a HELL, but diſpute o'er the place;
But, if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
The *place of the damn'd*—I 'll tell you my mind.
Where-ever the damn'd do chuſe to abound,
Moſt certainly there is HELL to be found:
Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *critics*, damn'd *blockheads*, damn'd *knaves*,
Damn'd *ſenators* brib'd, damn'd *profligate ſlaves*;
Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords* and damn'd *ſquires*;
Damn'd *ſpies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends*, and damn'd *liars*;
Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *ſtation*;
Damn'd *time-ſerving prieſts* all o'er the *nation*;
And into the bargain I 'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counſellors privy*.
Then let us no longer by *parſons* be flamm'd,
For we know by theſe *marks* the place of the damn'd;
And HELL to be ſure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for *us* that it is not at *home!*

JUDAS. 1731.

BY the juſt vengeance of incenſed ſkies,
Poor Biſhop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conſcience forc'd him to reſtore
(And, parſons tell us, no man can do more);
Yet, through deſpair, of God and man accurſt,
He loſt his biſhoprick, and hang'd or burſt.
Thoſe former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his maſter with a kiſs:
But ſome have kiſs'd the goſpel fifty times,
Whoſe perjury 's the leaſt of all their crimes;
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their biſhopricks, and 'ſcape the cord:
Like hemp, which, by a ſkilful ſpinſter drawn
To ſlender threads, may ſometimes paſs for lawn.
As ancient Judas *by tranſgreſſion fell*,
And *burſt aſunder* ere he went to hell;
So could we ſee a ſet of new Iſcariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas periſh like the firſt;
Drop from the tree, with all his bowels burſt;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his own place,
"His habitation let all men forſake,
"And let his biſhoprick another take!"

AN

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY*. 1731.

HOW could you, Gay, diſgrace the Muſes' train,
To ſerve a taſteleſs Court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our *female friend* † ſincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, poſſeſs'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er ſo high aſcend,
To loſe an inch of favour for a friend?
Say, had the Court no better place to chuſe
For thee, than make a dry-nurſe of thy Muſe?
How cheaply had thy liberty been ſold,
To ſquire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading-ſtrings her infant-ſteps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble ſide by ſide!
But princely Douglas and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preſerv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be miſapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treaſure you preſide:
The world ſhall own, his choice was wiſe and juſt,
For ſons of Phœbus never break their truſt.
Not love of beauty leſs the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames:

* The Dean, having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queenſberry had employed Mr. Gay to inſpect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and ſtewards (which however proved to be a miſtake), wrote this Epiſtle to his friend.

† The counteſs of Suffolk. N.

Their paſſions not more impotent and cold,
Than thoſe of poets to the *luſt* of gold.
With Pæan's pureſt fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will ſerve to ripen ore below;
His meaneſt work: for, had he thought it fit,
That wealth ſhould be the appennage of wit,
The god of *light* could ne'er have been ſo *blind*
To deal it to the worſt of human-kind.
But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.
And firſt: to make my obſervation right,
I place a *ſtateſman* full before my ſight,
A bloated *miniſter* in all his geer,
With ſhameleſs viſage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And oſtrich-like his all-digeſting maw.
My fancy drags this *monſter* to my view,
To ſhew the world his chief reverſe in you.
Of loud unmeaning ſounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous ſtreams of mud;
With theſe the court and ſenate-houſe he plies,
Made up of noiſe, and impudence, and lies.
Now let me ſhew how Bob and you agree:
You ſerve a *potent prince*, as well as he.
The *ducal* coffers, truſted to your charge,
Your honeſt care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vaſſals eaſy, and the owner bleſt;
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the reſt.
Not ſo a nation's revenues are paid:
The ſervant's faults are on the maſter laid.

The people with a sigh their taxes bring;
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the King.
Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With *servants*, *tenants*, and the neighbouring *squires*.
Let all domestics feel your gentle sway;
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred *half the palace crowd*;
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
By *telling noses with a party strong*.
Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At least, *before your master's debts are paid*;
Nor *in a palace, built with charge immense*,
Presume to treat him at his own expence.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
With interest, and a *premium* paid beside,
The master's pressing wants must be supply'd;
With hasty zeal behold the *steward* come
By his own credit to advance the sum;
Who, while *the unrighteous mammon* is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treasurer! what could *he* do more?
He lends my Lord what was my Lord's before.
The law so strictly guards the Monarch's health,
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth;
The council sit; approve the doctor's skill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.

But

But the *ſtate empiric* acts a ſafer part;
And, while he *poiſons*, *wins* the royal heart.
But how can I deſcribe the ravenous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
Suppoſe your Lord a truſty ſervant ſend
On weighty buſineſs to ſome neighbouring friend:
Preſume not, Gay, unleſs you ſerve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should ſome *imperious neighbour* ſink the boats,
And drain the *fiſh-ponds*, while your *maſter* dotes;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Becauſe he brib'd you with a brace of tench?
Nor from your Lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury, or ſooth his pride.
Nor at an under-rate his timber ſell,
And with an oath aſſure him, *all is well*;
Or *ſwear it rotten*; *and with humble airs*
Requeſt it of him to complete your ſtairs;
Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purſe of guineas in your hands.
Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue, of *genuine miniſterial* kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one ſcoundrel rich:
And, when he gravely has undone a ſcore,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dextrous ſteward, when his tricks are found,
Huſh-money ſends to all the neighbours round;
His maſter, unſuſpicious of his pranks,
Pays all the coſt, and gives the villain thanks.

And, ſhould a friend attempt to ſet him right,
His Lordſhip would impute it all to ſpite;
Would love his favourite better than before,
And truſt his honeſty juſt ſo much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are ſunk by *premier miniſters of ſtate.*

Some, when an heir ſucceeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the *father*, rob the *ſon.*
A knave, who deep imbroils his lord's affairs,
Will ſoon grow *neceſſary* to his heirs.
His policy conſiſts in *ſetting traps*,
In finding *ways and means*, and *ſtopping gaps*;
He knows a thouſand tricks whene'er he pleaſe,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each diſeaſe.
In either caſe, an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my Lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy ſink;
No cleanly workman can endure the ſtink.
A ſtrong dilemma in a deſperate caſe!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.

A bungler thus, who ſcarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel ſplit:
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a ſecond, leſt the whole ſhould break.

In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and ſold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be caſhier'd,
Contrives, as he is *hated*, to be *fear'd*:
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs;
For *vengeance* more *imbroils*, than *ſkill repairs.*

So robbers (and their ends are juſt the ſame),
To 'ſcape inquiries, *leave the houſe in flame.*
I knew a brazen miniſter of ſtate,
Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
In every mouth the queſtion moſt in vogue
Was, *When will they turn out this odious rogue?*
A juncture happen'd in his higheſt pride:
While *he* went robbing on, *old maſter* dy'd.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the miniſter muſt out.
The court *invited* more than one or two;
Will you, Sir Spencer? or, Will *you*, or *you?*
But not a ſoul his office durſt accept;
The ſubtle knave had all the plunder ſwept:
And, ſuch was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preſervation to his crimes.
The candidates obſerv'd his dirty paws;
Nor found it difficult to gueſs the cauſe:
But, when they ſmelt ſuch foul corruptions round him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
Thus, when a greedy ſloven once has thrown
His *ſnot* into the *meſs*, 'tis *all his own.*

ON

[redacted]

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS*,

1721.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who tell'd all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, arch bishop of hell.
And He was a primate, and He wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and sinks trembles.
Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the *bishop* of Kilkenny:
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious;
I will I could find him one more commodious,
But this I am sure, the *most reverend old dragon*
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there *incog*
To give them by turns an invisible jog.
Our bishops, puff up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride;
They mounted and laboured with whip and with spur,
In vain—for the devil a parlon would stir
So the Commons umbrella'd them; and this was their
doom,
On their crosiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.

* Occasioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of commons.

Thou

Though they gallop'd ſo faſt, on the road you may find
'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em,
Lord Bolton's good grace, lord Car, and lord Howard,
In ſpight of the devil, would ſtill be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions ſhould beg at their door.
When Chriſt was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apoſtles but one prov'd a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you ſix traitors in ſeven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy forſooth muſt take up with their leavings.
If making *diviſions* was all their intent,
They 've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;
And ſo may ſuch biſhops for ever *divide*,
That no honeſt heathen would be on their ſide.
How ſhould we rejoice, if, like Judas the firſt,
Thoſe ſplitters of parſons in ſunder ſhould burſt!
Now hear an allufion: — A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you conſider, our emblem is right;
The biſhops *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.
Should the bottom be ſplit, our biſhops would dread
That the mitre would never ſtick faſt on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a ſovereign,
As Machiavel taught them; *divide, and ye govern*.
But courage, my lords; though it cannot be ſaid
That one *cloven tongue* ever ſat on your head;
I 'll hold you a groat (and I wiſh I could ſee 't),
If your ſtockings were off, you could ſhew *cloven-feet*.

But

But hold, cry the biſhops; and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can ſay.
What truer affections could ever be ſhewn,
Than ſaving your ſouls by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building you ſpittals?
You are only to live four years without victuals.
Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
Firſt take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bleſs the Church and three of our mitres;
And God bleſs the Commons, *for biting the biters.*

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT *.

Occaſioned by reading the following MAXIM in ROCHEFOUCAULT, "Dans l'adverſité de nos "meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque "choſe, qui ne nous deplaiſt pas.

"In the adverſity of our beſt friends, we always find "ſomething that doth not diſpleaſe us."

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

* Written in November 1731. — There are two diſtinct poems on this ſubject, one of them containing many ſpurious lines. In what is here printed, the genuine parts of both are preſerved. N.

This maxim more than all the reſt
Is thought too baſe for human breaſt:
"In all diſtreſſes of our friends,
"We firſt conſult our private ends;
"While nature, kindly bent to eaſe us,
"Points out ſome circumſtance to pleaſe us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reaſon and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our ſize.
Who would not at a crowded ſhow
Stand high himſelf, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view?
Then let me have the higher poſt;
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you ſhould find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad, the caſe is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they ſhould excel,
Would wiſh his rivals all in hell?

Her end when emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings, and hiſſes:
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.
Vain human-kind! fantaſtic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and ſtation
'Tis all to me an uſurpation.
I have no title to aſpire;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wiſh it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe than I can do in ſix;
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humourous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd at firſt, and ſhew'd its uſe.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide;

If with ſuch talents Heaven hath bleſs'd 'em,
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, ſend
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the firſt:
But this with envy makes me burſt.
Thus much may ſerve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote, when I
Muſt by the courſe of nature die;
When, I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly underſtood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak:
"See, how the Dean begins to break!
"Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
"You plainly find it in his face.
"That old vertigo in his head
"Will never leave him, till he 's dead.
"Beſides, his memory decays:
"He recollects not what he ſays;
"He cannot call his friends to mind;
"Forgets the place where laſt he din'd;
"Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
"He told them fifty times before.
"How does he fancy, we can ſit
"To hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
"But he takes up with younger folks,
"Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
"Faith!

" Faith! he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
" Or change his comrades once a quarter:
" In half the time he talks them round,
" There muſt another ſet be found.
" For poetry, he 's paſt his prime:
" He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
" His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
" His fancy ſunk, his Muſe a jade.
" I 'd have him throw away his pen;—
" But there 's no talking to ſome men!"
And then their tenderneſs appears
By adding largely to my years:
" He 's older than he would be reckon'd,
" And well remembers Charles the Second.
" He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
" And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
" His ſtomach too begins to fail:
" Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
" But now he 's quite another thing:
" I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring!"
They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus:
" It is not yet ſo bad with us!"
In ſuch a caſe, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great miſfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
The merit of a lucky gueſs
(When daily how-d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, " Worſe and worſe!")

Would pleaſe them better, than to tell,
That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he, who prophely'd the beſt,
Approves his foreſight to the reſt:
"You know I always fear'd the worſt,
"And often told you ſo at firſt."
He 'd rather chuſe that I ſhould die,
Than his predictions prove a lye.
Not one foretells I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain;
How many a meſſage would he ſend!
What hearty prayers that I ſhould mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the ſnivelers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He 's juſt alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes — The Dean is dead.
Before the paſſing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"Oh! may we all for death prepare!
"What has he left? and who 's his heir?
"I know

" I know no more than what the news is;
" 'Tis all bequeath'd to public use.
" To public use! there 's a whim!
" What had the publick done for him?
" Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
" He gave it all — but first he dy'd.
" And had the Dean, in all the nation,
" No worthy friend, no poor relation?
" So ready to do strangers good,
" Forgetting his own flesh and blood?"
Now Grubstreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To *curse* the Dean, or *bless* the Draper.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
" We must confess, his case was nice;
" But he would never take advice.
" Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
" He might have liv'd these twenty years:
" For, when we open'd him, we found,
" That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk *, in the Queen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean. N.

"He 's dead, you say; then let him rot;
"I 'm glad the *medals* * were forgot.
"I promis'd him, I own; but when?
"I only was the Princeſs then:
"But now, as conſort of the King,
"You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a ſneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he dy'd without his ſhoes,"
Cries Bob, "I 'm ſorry for the news:
"Oh, were the wretch but living ſtill,
"And in his place my good friend Will!
"Or had a mitre on his head,
"Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his ſhop from rubbiſh drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them paſs the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He 'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publiſh my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope muſt bear, as well as I.
Here ſhift the ſcene, to repreſent
How thoſe I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himſelf will ſcarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.

* Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a *ſmall preſent* he had ſent to the Princeſs. N.

The

The reſt will give a ſhrug, and cry,
" I 'm ſorry — but we all muſt die!"
Indifference, clad in Wiſdom's guiſe,
All fortitude of mind ſupplies:
For how can ſtony bowels melt
In thoſe who never pity felt!
When we are laſh'd, they kiſs the rod,
Reſigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with ſuſpenſe and fear;
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd, to ſtand between:
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without diſſembling.
My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
" The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
" Then, Lord have mercy on his ſoul!
" (Ladies, I 'll venture for the vole.)
" Six Deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall:
" (I wiſh I knew what king to call.)
" Madam, your huſband will attend
" The funeral of ſo good a friend.
" No, madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight;
" And he 's engag'd to-morrow night:
" My Lady Club will take it ill,
" If he ſhould fail her at quadrille.
" He lov'd the Dean — (I lead a heart.)
" But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.

" His time was come; he ran his race;
" We hope he 's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die?
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt; a different ſcene!
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! no more is miſs'd,
'Than if he never did exiſt.
Where 's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed: — *and his works muſt follow*;
Muſt undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country ſquire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verſe and proſe.
Says Lintot, " I have heard the name;
" He dy'd a year ago." — " The ſame."
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain.
" Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
" I ſent them, with a load of books,
" Laſt Monday, to the paſtry-cook's.
" To fancy they could live a year!
" I find you 're but a ſtranger here.
" The Dean was famous in his time,
" And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
" His way of writing now is paſt:
" The town has got a better taſte.
" I keep no antiquated ſtuff;
" But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
" Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew 'em:
" Here 's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.

" This

" This ode you never yet have ſeen,
" By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
" Then here 's a letter finely penn'd
" Againſt the Craftſman and his friend;
" It clearly ſhews that all reflection
" On miniſters is diſaffection.
" Next, here 's Sir Robert's vindication,
" And Mr. Henley's laſt oration.
" The hawkers have not got them yet;
" Your Honour pleaſe to buy a ſet?
" Here 's Wolſton's tracts, the twelfth edition;
" 'Tis read by every politician:
" The country-members, when in town,
" To all their boroughs ſend them down;
" You never met a thing ſo ſmart;
" The courtiers have them all by heart:
" Thoſe maids of honour, who can read,
" Are taught to uſe them for their creed.
" The reverend author's good intention
" Hath been rewarded with a penſion*:
" He doth an honour to his gown,
" By bravely running *prieſt-craft* down:
" He ſhews, as ſure as God 's in Gloucester,
" That Moſes was a grand impoſtor;
" That all his miracles were cheats,
" Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
" The church had never ſuch a writer:
" A ſhame he hath not got a mitre!"
Suppoſe me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the Roſe;

* Wolſton is here confounded with Woolaſton. N.

Where,

Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.
And while they toſs my name about,
With favour ſome, and ſome without;
One, quite indifferent in the cauſe,
My character impartial draws:
"The Dean, if we believe report,
"Was never ill-receiv'd at court.
"Although, ironically grave,
"He ſham'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave:
"To ſteal a hint was never known,
"But what he writ was all his own."
"Sir, I have heard another ſtory;
"He was a moſt *confounded* Tory,
"And grew, or he is much bely'd,
"Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."
"Can we the Drapier then forget?
"Is not our nation in his debt?
"'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!" —
"He ſhould have left them for his *betters*;
"We had a hundred *abler men*,
"Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*. —
"Say what you will about his *reading*,
"You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
"Who, in his *ſatires* running riot,
"Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
"Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
"*Court*, *city*, *camp* — all one to him. —
"But why would he, except he *ſlobber'd*,
"*Offend* our *patriot* great Sir Robert,

"While

[redacted]

" Whose *counsels* aid the sovereign power
" To save the nation every hour!
" What *scenes* of evil he unravels
" In *satires*, *libels*, *lying travels*;
" Not sparing his own *clergy cloth*,
" But *cuts* into it, like a *moth*!"
" Perhaps I may allow the Dean
" Had too much satire in his vein,
" And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
" Because no age could more deserve it.
" Yet malice never was his aim;
" He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
" No individual could resent,
" Where thousands equally were meant:
" His satire points at no defect,
" But what all mortals may correct;
" For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
" Who call it humour when they gibe:
" He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
" Whose owners set not up for beaux.
" True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
" Unless it offer'd to be witty.
" Those who their ignorance confest,
" He ne'er offended with a jest;
" But laugh'd to hear an ideot quote
" A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
" Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
" Must be or *ridicul'd*, or *lash'd*:
" If you *resent* it, who's to blame?
" He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*.

" Should

" Should *vice* expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
" Becauſe its *owner* is a *duke?*
" His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
" Were always of the middling kind;
" No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
" Who fain would paſs for lords indeed:
" Where titles give no right or power,
" And peerage is a wither'd flower;
" He would have deem'd it a diſgrace,
" If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
" On rural ſquires, that kingdom's bane,
" He vented oft' his wrath in vain:
" * * * * * * * * ſquires to market brought;
" Who ſell their ſouls and * * * * for nought;
" The * * * * * * * * go joyful back,
" To rob the church, their tenants rack,
" Go ſnacks with * * * * * juſtices,
" And keep the peace, to pick up fees:
" In every jobb to have a ſhare
" A gaol or turnpike to repair;
" And turn * * * * * * * to public roads
" Commodious to their own abodes.
" He never thought an honour done him,
" Becauſe a peer was proud to own him;
" Would rather ſlip aſide, and chuſe
" To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes;
" And ſcorn the tools with ſtars and garters,
" So often ſeen careſſing Chartres.
" He never courted men in ſtation,
" *Nor perſons held in admiration,*

" Of

" Of no man's greatneſs was afraid,
" Becauſe he ſought for no man's aid.
" Though truſted long in great affairs,
" He gave himſelf no haughty airs;
" Without regarding private ends,
" Spent all his credit for his friends;
" And only choſe the wiſe and good;
" No flatterers; no allies in blood;
" But ſuccour'd virtue in diſtreſs,
" And ſeldom fail'd of good ſucceſs;
" As numbers in their hearts muſt own,
" Who, but for him, had been unknown.
" He kept with princes due decorum;
" Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
" He follow'd David's leſſon juſt;
" In princes never put his truſt:
" And, would you make him truly ſour,
" Provoke him with a ſlave in power.
" The Iriſh ſenate if you nam'd,
" With what impatience he declaim'd!
" Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
" For her he ſtood prepar'd to die;
" For her he boldly ſtood alone;
" For her he oft' expos'd his own.
" Two kingdoms, juſt as fortune led,
" Had ſet a price upon his head;
" But not a traitor could be found,
" To ſell him for ſix hundred pound.
" Had he but ſpar'd his tongue and pen,
" He might have roſe like other men:

" But power was never in his thought,
" And wealth he valued not a groat:
" Ingratitude he often found,
" And pity'd those who meant the wound:
" But kept the tenor of his mind,
" To merit well of human-kind:
" Nor made a sacrifice of those
" Who still were true, to please his foes.
" He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
" To reconcile his friends in power;
" Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
" While they pursued each other's ruin.
" But, finding vain was all his care,
" He left the court in mere despair.
" And, oh! how short are human schemes!
" Here ended all our golden dreams.
" What St. John's skill in state affairs,
" What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
" To save their sinking country lent,
" Was all destroy'd by one event.
" Too soon that precious life was ended,
" On which alone our weal depended.
" When up a dangerous faction starts,
" With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
" By *solemn league and covenant bound*,
" To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
" To turn religion to a fable,
" And make the government a Babel;
" Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
" *Corrupt* the senate, rob the crown;

" To sacrifice Old England's glory,
" And make her infamous in story:
" When such a tempest shook the land,
" How could unguarded Virtue stand?
" With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
" Beheld the dire destructive scene:
" His friends in exile, or the Tower,
" Himself within the frown of power;
" Pursued by base-invenom'd pens,
" Far to the land of s——— and fens;
" A servile race in folly nurs'd,
" Who truckle most, when treated worst.
" By innocence and resolution,
" He bore continual persecution;
" While numbers to preferment rose,
" Whose merit was to be his foes;
" When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
" Intent upon their private ends,
" Like renegadoes now he feels,
" *Against him lifting up their heels*.
" The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
" An infamous destructive cheat;
" Taught fools their interest how to know,
" And gave them arms to ward the blow.
" Envy hath own'd, it was his doing,
" To save that hapless land from ruin;
" While they, who at the stearage stood,
" And reap'd the profit, fought his blood.
" To save them from their evil fate,
" In him was held a crime of state.

" A wicked

" A wicked monſter on the bench,
" Whoſe fury blood could never quench;
" As vile and profligate a villain,
" As modern Scroggs, or old Treffilian;
" Who long all juſtice had diſcarded,
" *Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;*
" Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
" And make him of his zeal repent:
" But Heaven his innocence defends,
" The grateful people ſtand his friends;
" Not ſtrains of law, nor judges frown,
" Nor tapies brought to pleaſe the crown,
" Nor witneſs hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
" Prevail to bring him in convict.
" In exile, with a ſteady heart,
" He ſpent his life's declining part;
" Where folly, pride, and faction ſway,
" Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
" Alas, poor Dean! his only ſcope
" Was to be held a *miſanthrope.*
" This into general *odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, *much good may 't do him.*
" His *zeal* was not to laſh our *crimes,*
" But *diſcontent* againſt the times:
" For, had we made him *timely* offers
" To *raiſe* his *poſt,* or *fill* his *coffers,*
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other *brethren* of his *gown;*
" For *party* he would ſcarce have bled: —
" I ſay no more — becauſe he 's *dead.* —

" What

" What *writings* has he left behind?"
" I hear they 're of a different kind:
" A few in *verſe*; but moſt in proſe —"
" Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I ſuppoſe: —
" All ſcribbled in the *worſt* of *times*,
" To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes;
" To praiſe queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
" As never favouring the Pretender:
" Or *libels* yet conceal'd from ſight,
" Againſt the *court* to ſhew his *ſpite*:
" Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third*;
" A *lye* at every *ſecond word* —
" Offenſive to a *loyal* ear: —
" But — *not one ſermon*, you may *ſwear*."
" He knew an hundred pleaſing ſtories,
" With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
" Was chearful to his dying-day;
" And friends would let him have his way.
" As for his works in verſe or proſe,
" I own myſelf no judge of thoſe.
" Nor can I tell what criticks thought them;
" But this I know, all people bought them,
" As with a moral view deſign'd,
" To *pleaſe* and to *reform* mankind:
" And, if he often miſs'd his aim,
" The *world* muſt own it to their *ſhame*,
" The *praiſe* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*.
" He gave the little wealth he had
" To build a houſe for fools and mad;

" To ſhew, by one ſatiric touch,
" No nation wanted it ſo much.
" That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
" I wiſh it ſoon may have a better.
" And, ſince you dread no farther *laſhes*,
" Methinks you may *forgive his aſhes*."

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS*.

TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR, Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

WHEN I left you, I found myſelf of the grape's juice ſick;
I 'm ſo full of pity, I never abuſe ſick;
And the patienteſt patient that ever you knew ſick;
Both when I am purge-ſick, and when I am ſpew-ſick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew ſick;
She mended at firſt, but now ſhe 's a-new ſick.
Captain Butler made ſome in the church black and blue ſick;
Dean Croſs, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-ſick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you ſweat and ſtew, ſick?
Lady Santry got out of the church when ſhe grew ſick,

* This medley (for it cannot be called a poem) is given as a ſpecimen of thoſe *bagatelles* for which the Dean hath perhaps been too ſeverely cenſured. Some which were ſtill more exceptionable are ſuppreſſed. N.

And,

And, as faſt as ſhe could, to the deanry flew ſick.
Miſs Morice was (I can you aſſure 'tis true) ſick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew ſick?
Such muſick would make a fanatick or Jew ſick,
Yet, ladies are ſeldom at *ombre* or *lue* ſick:
Nor is old Nanny Shales, where'er ſhe does brew, ſick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruiſe ſick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the ſtews ſick;
But you learned doctors can make whom you chuſe ſick:
And poor I myſelf was, when I withdrew, ſick;
For the ſmell of them made me like garlick and rue ſick,
And I got through the crowd, though not let by a clue, ſick.
You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) ſick;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) ſick,
And thoſe, to be ſure, ſtuck together like glew, ſick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they ſqueeze and they ſcrew, ſick,
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, ſick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, ſick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

IF I write any more, it will make my poor Muſe ſick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew ſick,
And I wiſh I may ſoon be not of an ague ſick;
But I hope I ſhall ne'er be, like you, of a ſhrew ſick,
Who often has made me, by looking aſkew, ſick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

THE Doctor's firſt rhyme would make any Jew ſick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue ſick,
For which ſhe is gone in a coach to Killbrew ſick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when ſhe flew ſick:
Laſt Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did ſpew ſick,
And made all the reſt of the folks in the pew ſick;
The ſurgeon who bled her his lancet out drew ſick,
And ſtopt the diſtemper, as being but new ſick.
The yacht, the laſt ſtorm, had all her whole crew ſick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and you ſick:
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew ſick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q ſick?
I 'm told that my wife is by winding a clue ſick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue ſick.
There 's a gameſter in town, for a throw that he threw ſick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he 'll purſue ſick;
I 've known an old miſer for paying his due ſick;
At preſent I 'm grown by a pinch of my ſhoe ſick,
And what would you have me with verſes to do ſick?
Send rhymes, and I 'll ſend you ſome others in lieu ſick.
Of rhymes I 've a plenty,
And therefore ſend twenty.

Anſwered the ſame day when ſent, Nov. 23.

I deſire you will carry both theſe to the Doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not perſons to be inſulted.

"Can

" Can you match with me,
" Who ſend thirty-three?
" You muſt get fourteen more,
" To make up thirty-four:
" But, if me you can conquer,
" I 'll own you a ſtrong cur *."

This morning I 'm growing by ſmelling of yew ſick;
My brother 's come over with gold from Peru ſick;
Laſt night I came home in a ſtorm that then blew ſick;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo ſick;
I hear, from good hands, that my poor couſin Hugh 's ſick;
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a ſcrew ſick:
And now there 's no more I can write (you 'll excuſe) ſick;
You ſee that I ſcorn to mention word muſick.

I 'll do my beſt,
To ſend the reſt;
Without a jeſt,
I 'll ſtand the teſt.

Theſe lines that I ſend you, I hope you 'll peruſe ſick;
I 'll make you with writing a little more news ſick;
Laſt night I came home with drinking of booze ſick;
My carpenter ſwears that he 'll hack and he 'll hew ſick:
An officer's lady, I 'm told, is tattoo-ſick;
I 'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view ſick.

Lord! I could write a dozen more;
You ſee, I 've mounted thirty-four.

* The lines " thus marked" were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Helſham's twenty lines; and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the ſame *paper*. *N.*

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BUSTS* IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732.

"Sic ſibi lætantur Docti."

WITH honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
How are theſe venerable buſtoes grac'd!
O Queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd!
How do the friends of virtue joy to ſee
Her darling ſons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Rever'd by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
And rais'd the ſcientific head:
Our frugal Queen, to ſave her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION drawn from the above EPIGRAMS, and ſent to the DRAPIER.

SINCE Anna, whoſe bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And ſince our good Queen to the wiſe is ſo juſt,
To raiſe heads for ſuch as are humbled in duſt,
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
Pr'ythee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

HER majeſty never ſhall be my exalter;
And yet ſhe would raiſe me, I know, by a halter!

* *Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaſton.*

TO

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER-BOOK FINELY BOUND ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1732.

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

TO thee, dear Swift, theſe ſpotleſs leaves I ſend;
Small is the preſent, but ſincere the friend.
Think not ſo poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canſt make it bear?
Though tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
The ſpecious front ſhines out with borrow'd grace;
Though paſte-boards, glittering like a tinſel'd coat,
A *raſa tabula* within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices, ſhould provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A ſinking country and an injur'd ſtate
Thy great aſſiſtance ſhould again demand,
And call forth reaſon to defend the land;
Then ſhall we view theſe ſheets with glad ſurprize
Inſpir'd with thought, and ſpeaking to our eyes:
Each vacant ſpace ſhall then, enrich'd, diſpenſe
True force of eloquence, and nervous ſenſe;
Inform the judgement, animate the heart,
And ſacred rules of policy impart.
The ſpangled covering, bright with ſplendid ore,
Shall cheat the ſight with empty ſhow no more:

But lead us inward to thoſe golden mines,
Where all thy ſoul in native luſtre ſhines.
So when the eye ſurveys ſome lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty grac'd, with ſhape and air;
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celeſtial mind!

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY DR. DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came,
To ſerve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long ſubmitted to her will;
At length ſhe loſt me at *quadrille*.
Through various ſhapes I often paſs'd,
Still hoping to have reſt at laſt;
And ſtill ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot dean;
And ſometimes got within his door,
But ſoon turn'd out to ſerve the poor*;
Not ſtroling Idleneſs to aid,
But honeſt Induſtry decay'd.

* Alluding to 500*l.* a year lent by the Dean, without intereſt, to poor tradeſmen. F.

At

At length an artiſt purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the ſhape you ſee.
This done, to Hermes, I apply'd:
"O Hermes! gratify my pride;
"Be it my fate to ſerve a ſage,
"The greateſt genius of his age;
"That matchleſs pen let me ſupply,
"Whoſe living lines will never die!"
I grant your ſuit; the God reply'd,
And here he left me to reſide.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A PAPER-BOOK is ſent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to ſoil.
Delany ſends a ſilver ſtandiſh,
When I no more a pen can brandiſh.
Let both around my tomb be plac'd;
As trophies of a Muſe deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praiſe of long-departed wit
Be grav'd on either ſide in columns,
More to my praiſe than all my volumes.
To burſt with envy, ſpite, and rage,
The Vandals of the preſent age,

THE

THE BEASTS CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST,

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732.

WHEN beaſts could ſpeak (the learned ſay,
They ſtill can do ſo every day),
It ſeems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.
It happen'd, when a plague broke out
(Which therefore made them more devout),
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every ſubject in the land
Should to the prieſt confeſs their ſins;
And thus the pious wolf begins.
Good father, I muſt own with ſhame,
That often I have been to blame:
I muſt confeſs, on Friday laſt,
Wretch that I was! I broke my faſt;
But I defy the baſeſt tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to ſeek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirſt of blood.
The aſs, approaching next, confeſs'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jeſt:

A wag

[redacted]

A wag he was, he needs muſt own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not ſpare,
And might perhaps be too ſevere:
But yet, the worſt that could be ſaid,
He was a *quiſt* both born and bred;
And, if it be a ſin or ſhame,
Nature alone muſt bear the blame;
One fault he hath, is ſorry for 't,
His ears are half a foot too ſhort;
Which could he to the ſtandard bring,
He'd ſhew his face before the king;
Then for his voice, there's none diſputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.
  The ſwine with contrite heart allow'd,
His ſhape and beauty made him proud:
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune ſent:
Inquire through all the pariſh round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might ſome diſpleaſe;
'Tis true, he hated ſloth like peaſe.
  The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life beſpatter:
Much of the cenſuring world complain'd,
Who ſaid, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed the ſtrictneſs of his morals
Engag'd him in an hundred quarrels:

He

He ſaw, and he was griev'd to ſee 't,
His zeal was ſometimes indiſcreet:
He found his virtues too ſevere
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet ſuch a lewd licentious age
Might well excuſe a Stoic's rage.
The goat advanc'd with decent pace;
And firſt excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveneſs begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondneſs for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid conſtitution;
But through a pious reſolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of chaſtity, as Monks do now;
Which he reſolv'd to keep for ever hence,
And ſtrictly too, as doth his * Reverence.
Apply the tale, and you ſhall find,
How juſt it ſuits with human-kind.
Some faults we own: but, can you gueſs?
—Why, virtues carried to exceſs,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
The lawyer ſwears (you may rely on 't)
He never ſqueez'd a needy client;

* The prieſt his confeſſor.

An

And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may assume,
A hundred fees last Easter-term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job;
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term, or two at most.
The cringing knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.
The chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes:
But own'd, he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit:

Would

Would riſe by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.
The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confeſs'd a ſin; (and God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to ſave
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But ſee how Satan ſpreads his ſnares;
He quite forgot to ſay his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parſon's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a ſentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown ſo bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a ſeat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His houſehold twice a day to prayers.
He ſhuns apothecaries ſhops;
And hates to cram the ſick with ſlops:
He ſcorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
Old nurſe-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the ſquire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their ſhame.

T

The ſtateſman tells you, with a *ſneer*,
His fault is to be too *ſincere*;
And, having no ſiniſter ends,
Is apt to diſoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his maſter's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the ſchemes he had in view;
Yet he was ſeconded by few:
Though ſome had ſpread a thouſand lyes,
'Twas *he* defeated the Exciſe.
'Twas known, though he had borne aſperſion,
That *ſtanding troops* were his averſion:
His practice was, in every ſtation,
To ſerve the king, and pleaſe the nation.
Though hard to find in every caſe
The fitteſt man to fill a place:
His promiſes he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the ſpot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people underſtood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is loſt on either ſide.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year:
Muſt, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
Oh! if his majeſty would pleaſe
To give him but a writ of eaſe,

Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his deſire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thouſand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no ſin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it baſe for men in ſtations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his deareſt mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modeſty or aukward ſhame
(For which he owns himſelf to blame),
He found the wiſeſt man he could,
Without reſpect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to chuſe.
The ſharper ſwore, he hated play,
Except to paſs an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his coſt,
By want of ſkill, he always loſt;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thouſand feats;
Could change the ſtock, or cog a dye,
And thus deceive the ſharpeſt eye:
Nor wonder how his fortune ſunk,
His brothers fleece him when he 's drunk.
I own the moral not exact;
Beſides, the tale is falſe in fact;
And ſo abſurd, that, could I raiſe up
From fields Elyſian, fabling Æſop,

I would

I would accuſe him to his face
For libeling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers;
While we, whom *reaſon* ought to ſway,
Miſtake our talents every day.
The aſs was never known ſo ſtupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his maſter's lap,
There to be ſtroak'd, and fed with pap,
As Æſop would the world perſuade;
He better underſtands his trade:
Nor comes, whene'er his lady whiſtles,
But carries loads, and feeds on thiſtles.
Our author's meaning, I preſume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis*;
Wherein the moraliſt deſign'd
A compliment on human-kind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beaſts may *degenerate* into men.

ADVICE TO A PARSON. 1732.

WOULD you riſe in the *church*? be ſtupid and dull;
Be empty of learning, of inſolence full;
Though lewd and immoral, be formal and grave,
In flattery an *artiſt*, in fawning a *ſlave*:
No merit, no ſcience, no virtue, is wanting
In him that 's accompliſh'd in *cringing* and *canting*.

Be ſtudious to practiſe true *meanneſs of ſpirit*;
For who but lord Bolton * was mitred for *merit*?
Would you wiſh to be wrapt in a *rochet*? in ſhort,
Be pox'd and profane as F—n or Horte †.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a Stoick,
Can wiſh to die in ſtrains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet, all muſt own, thy wiſh is wiſe.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy buſy, drudging ſcene of life,
Thy inſolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-conſoling liquor,
Thy thread-bare gown, thy caſſock rent,
Thy credit ſunk, thy money ſpent,
Thy week made up of faſting-days,
Thy grate unconſcious of a blaze,
And, to complete thy other curſes,
The quarterly demands of nurſes,
Are ills you wiſely wiſh to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave:
And, O, what virtue you expreſs,
In wiſhing ſuch afflictions leſs!
But, now, ſhould Fortune ſhift the ſcene,
And make thy Curateſhip a Dean;

* Then archbiſhop of Caſhel.
† At that time biſhop of Kilmore.

Or ſome rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour ſmall, and income great;
With chariot leſs for uſe than ſtate;
With ſwelling ſcarf and gloſſy gown,
And licenſe to reſide in town;
To ſhine, where all the gay reſort,
At concerts, coffee-houſe, or court,
And weekly perſecute his Grace,
With viſits, or to beg a place;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no deſire to pray or preach;
With haughty ſpouſe in veſture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldſt thou not wiſh, in ſo much eaſe,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES.

1733.

POOR ladies! though their buſineſs be to play,
'Tis hard they muſt be buſy night and day:
Why ſhould they want the privilege of men,
Nor take ſome ſmall diverſions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws
(And why they were not, can ſee no cauſe);
The men ſhould ſlave at cards from morn to night;
And female pleaſures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG, IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733

I.

FLUTTERING ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions;
Nature muſt give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Diſcretion, ſtring the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking ſlumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors,
Watering ſoft Elyſian plains.

VI. Mournful

VI.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy ſmooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to fate.

On the Words BROTHER PROTESTANTS, and FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

So familiarly uſed by the Advocates for the Repeal of the TEST-ACT in IRELAND. 1733.

AN inundation, ſays the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and ſtable;
Whole ricks of hay and ſtacks of corn
Were down the ſudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And ſail'd with litter ſide by ſide;

Uniting all, to ſhew their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropt horſe's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we apples ſwim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff ſcorns:
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
"Muſt take no fees of one another."
Thus to a Dean ſome Curate ſloven
Subſcribes, "Dear Sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, ſhoe-boys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus H—e in the houſe will prate,
"Sir, we the miniſters of ſtate."
Thus at the bar the blockhead Bettefworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his ſweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother ſerjeant.
And thus fanatic ſaints, though neither in
Doctrine nor diſcipline our brethren,
Are Brother Proteſtants and Chriſtians,
As much as Hebrews and Philiſtines:
But in no other ſenſe, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body ſuck their food;
But is a louſe your fleſh and blood?
Though born of human filth and ſweat, it
May as well be ſaid man did beget it.

But maggots in your noſe and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
  Yet criticks may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our ſwarm of ſects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they Engliſh, Iriſh, Scottiſh,
What Proteſtant can be ſo ſottiſh,
While o'er the church theſe clouds are gathering,
To call a ſwarm of lice his brethren?
  As Moſes, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the duſt to lice;
And as our ſects, by all deſcriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden duſt they ſpring,
And, turn'd to lice, infeſt the king:
For pity's ſake, it would be juſt,
A *rod* ſhould turn them back to *duſt*.
  Let folks in high or holy ſtations
Be proud of owning ſuch relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their boſom,
As if they were afraid to loſe them:
While I, with humble Job, had father
Say to corruption—"Thou 'rt my father."
For he that has ſo little wit
To nouriſh vermin, may be *bit*.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW;

OR,

THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

UPON SERJEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the Tune of, Derry down.

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I 'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Hath insulted us all by insulting the Dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a Lawyer, where the De'el did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prating some years,
What honester folks never durst for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of

Of all ſizes and ſorts, the fanatical crew
Are his Brother Proteſtants, good men and true,
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turbant 's the ſame,
What the De'el is 't to him whence the Devil they came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolſton, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the Taylor,
Are Chriſtians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He 's a Chriſtian as good as the reſt of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! We 'll ſet on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their prieſthood at leſs:
What 's next to be voted with eaſe you may gueſs.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his Old Maſter (I need not him name)
To this damnable Speaker had long ow'd a ſhame;
When his ſpeech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole Satire had been
The oppreſſion of Virtue, not wages of Sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he ſwore how he ſwore.
Knock him down, &c.

Though

Though he cring'd to his Deanſhip in very low ſtrains,
To others he boaſted of knocking out brains,
And ſlitting of noſes, and cropping of ears,
While his own aſs's zaggs were more fit for the ſhears.
Knock him down, &c.

On this Worrier of Deans whene'er we can hit,
We 'll ſhew him the way how to crop and to ſlit;
We 'll teach him ſome better addreſs to afford
To the Dean of all Deans, though he wears not a ſword.
Knock him down, &c.

We 'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
We 'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for inſulters of Deans.
Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we 'll make him amends,
To the Dean he ſhall go; they ſhall kiſs and be friends:
But how? Why, the Dean ſhall to him diſcloſe
A face for to kiſs, without eyes, ears, or noſe.
Knock him down, &c.

If you ſay this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That ſerjeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
You miſtake; for a ſlave, who will coax his ſuperiors,
May be proud to be licking a great man's poſteriors.
Knock him down, &c.

What

What care we how high runs his paſſion or pride?
Though his ſoul he deſpiſes, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his ſword, or his knife;
He 'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE

ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH.

DEAR Dick, pr'ythee tell by what paſſion you move?
The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Caſhel you rail with ſuch ſpite,
They ſhrewdly ſuſpect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though ſo loudly you vapour,
His ſpite cannot wound, who attempted the Drapier.
Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change ſides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very beſt way;
And ſay of the man what all honeſt men ſay.
But if, ſtill obdurate, your anger remains,
If ſtill your foul boſom more rancour contains;
Say then more than they; nay, laviſhly flatter,
'Tis your groſs panegyrics alone can beſpatter:
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to ſpeak plain,
Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

ON

ON POETRY:
A RHAPSODY. 1733.

ALL human race would fain be *wits*,
And millions miſs for one that hits.
Young's univerſal paſſion, *pride*,
Was never known to ſpread ſo wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boaſt
Three poets in an age at moſt?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *ſprig* of bays in fifty years:
While every fool his claim alledges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reaſon can there be aſſign'd
For this perverſeneſs in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A *bear* will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd *horſe* will oft' debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A *dog* by inſtinct turns aſide,
Who ſees the ditch too deep and wide.
But *man* we find the only creature
Who, led by *folly*, combats Nature;
Who, when *ſhe* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With obſtinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius leaſt inclines,
Abſurdly bends his whole deſigns.

Not

Not *empire* to the riſing ſun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not higheſt *wiſdom* in debates
For framing laws to govern ſtates;
Not ſkill in ſciences profound
So large to graſp the circle round:
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to ſtrike the *Muſe's lyre*.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not baſtard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning ſhoes,
The ſpawn of Bridewell or the ſtews;
Not infants dropt, the ſpurious pledges
Of *gipſies* littering under hedges;
Are ſo diſqualify'd by fate
To riſe in *church*, or *law*, or *ſtate*,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blaſted with poetic fire.
What hope of cuſtom in the *fair*,
While not a ſoul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public uſe?
Court, *city*, *country*, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no proviſion;
The wealthy have you in deriſion;
Of ſtate-affairs you cannot ſmatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was juſt one annual hundred pound;

Now

Now not ſo much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought-in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grubſtreet line.
Poor ſtarveling bard, how ſmall thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a *ſimile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The gueſts in leſs than half an hour
Will more than half a ſcore devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a ſtock of pence and praiſe,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are ſwallow'd o'er a diſh of tea:
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.
How ſhall a new attempter learn
Of different ſpirits to diſcern,
And how diſtinguiſh which is which,
The poet's vein, or ſcribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd ſinner,
Inſtructing thus a young beginner.
Conſult yourſelf; and if you find
A powerful impulſe urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breaſt
What ſubject you can manage beſt;
Whether your genius moſt inclines
To ſatire, praiſe, or humourous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue ſent from hand unknown.

Then,

Then, riſing with Aurora's light,
The Muſe invok'd, ſit down to write;
Blot out, correct, inſert, refine,
Enlarge, diminiſh, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To ſcratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finiſh'd, next your care
Is needful to tranſcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous *breaks* and *dashes*.
To ſtateſmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic type*.
When letters are in vulgar ſhapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit eſcapes:
But, when in *capitals* expreſt,
The dulleſt reader ſmoaks the jeſt:
Or elſe perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modiſh dreſs,
Correctly fitted for the preſs,
Convey by penny-poſt to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the coſt,
You need not fear your labour loſt:
And how agreeably ſurpriz'd
Are you to ſee it advertis'd!
The hawker ſhews you one in print,
As freſh as farthings from the mint:

The

The product of your toil and ſweating;
A baſtard of your own begetting.
Be ſure at Will's, the following day,
Lie ſnug, and hear what critics ſay;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a ſtupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit ſtill, and ſwallow down your ſpittle.
Be ſilent as a politician,
For talking may beget ſuſpicion:
Or praiſe the judgement of the town,
And help yourſelf to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker ſide:
For poems read without a name
We juſtly praiſe, or juſtly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuſe:
And, ſince you ne'er provoke their ſpite,
Depend upon 't their judgement 's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Conſider what a riſk you run:
You loſe your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vileſt doggrel, Grubſtreet ſends,
Will paſs for yours with foes and friends;
And you muſt bear the whole diſgrace,
Till ſome freſh blockhead takes your place.
Your ſecret kept, your poem ſunk,
And ſent in quires to line a trunk,

If

If ſtill you be diſpos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a ſecond time.
Again you fail: yet *Safe* 's the word;
Take courage and attempt a third.
But firſt with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The *ſimiles* that nothing fit;
The *cant* which every fool repeats,
Town-jeſts and coffee-houſe conceits,
Deſcriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury ſet
Againſt the harmleſs alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private *robber*,
A *ſtateſman*, or a South-ſea *jobber*;
A *prelate* who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purſe at the bar or bench,
A dutcheſs, or a ſuburb-wench:
Or oft', when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like ſtepping-ſtones, to ſave a ſtride,
In ſtreets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to ſupport
A cripple with one foot too ſhort;
Or like a bridge, that joins a mariſh
To moorlands of a different pariſh.

So have I ſeen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers in Afric maps
With ſavage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But, though you miſs your third eſſay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aſide all thoughts of fame,
To ſpring more profitable game.
From party-merit ſeek ſupport;
The vileſt verſe thrives beſt at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring-in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the ſale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the ſovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower:
Is generous, valiant, juſt, and wiſe,
And ſo continues till he dies:
His humble *ſenate* this profeſſes,
In all their *ſpeeches*, *votes*, *addreſſes*.
But once you fix him in a tomb;
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praiſe,
Aſcending, make one funeral blaze:

As ſoon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And lo! his miniſters of ſtate,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the ſcenes of endleſs woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And, as they fail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a ſop,
His triple-barking mouth to ſtop;
Or in the ivory gate of dreams
Project exciſe and South-ſea ſchemes;
Or hire their party-pamphleteers
To ſet Elyſium by the ears.

Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muſe on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluſter
Of all the virtues you can muſter,
Which, form'd into a garland ſweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will ſmile, and think them all his own;
For *laws* and *goſpel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermines:
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who ſhall depoſe it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But, if you think this trade too baſe,
(Which ſeldom is the dunce's caſe,)

Put on the critick's brow, and ſit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a ſhrug, a ſcornful ſmile,
With caution us'd, may ſerve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern criticks' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of *unities, in time and place*;
Get ſcraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers ends;
Learn Ariſtotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft' review,
Wiſe Dennis, and profound Boſſu.
Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
For theſe our criticks much confide in
(Though merely writ at firſt for filling,
To raiſe the volume's price a ſhilling).
A forward critick often dupes us
With ſham quotations *peri hupſous*:
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magiſterially outſhine us.
Then, leſt with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Tranſlated from Boileau's tranſlation,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,

Reclinir.

Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgement with deciſive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle ſubmits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like *courtiers*, when they ſend a note,
Inſtructing members how to vote.
He ſets the ſtamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be underſtood.
Your leſſon learn'd, you 'll be ſecure
To get the name of *connoiſſeur*:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure diſciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want them)
Spread through Auguſta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to juſt nine thouſand ſouls:
Theſe o'er their proper diſtricts govern,
Of wit and humour judges ſovereign.
In every ſtreet a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indiſputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his *ſtrewdneſs*
For ſongs of *loyalty* and *lewdneſs*;
Out-done by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to ſpell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:

And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers ſoft and ſmooth,
By lovers ſpoke in Punch's booth;
And ſome as juſtly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls,
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentiſh-town:
Tigellius plac'd in Phœbus' car
From Ludgate ſhines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day ſtrains;
Whence Gay was baniſh'd in diſgrace;
Where Pope will never ſhow his face;
Where Young muſt torture his invention
To flatter *knaves*, or loſe his *penſion*.
But theſe are not a thouſandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper ſtation,
And all in due ſubordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out ſkips a *book of miſcellanies*.
Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a ſtate of war by nature.
The greater for the ſmalleſt watch,
But meddle ſeldom with their match.
A whale of moderate ſize will draw
A ſhoal of herrings down his maw;

A ſoa

A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf deſtroys a thouſand lambs:
But ſearch among the rhyming race,
The brave are worry'd by the baſe.
If on Parnaſſus' top you ſit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior ſize
On you ſhall rail and criticiſe,
And ſtrive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only teaſe and pinch
Their foes ſuperior by an inch.
So, naturaliſts obſerve, a flea
Hath ſmaller fleas that on him prey;
And theſe have ſmaller ſtill to bite 'em,
And ſo proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet in his kind
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be ſeen,
Can teaze, and gall, and give the ſpleen;
Call dunces fools and ſons of whores,
Lay Grub-ſtreet at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman maſters,
And curſe our modern poetaſters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taſte prevails among us;
How much our anceſtors outſung us;
Can perſonate an awkward ſcorn
For thoſe who are not poets born;

And all their brother-dunces laſh,
Who croud the preſs with hourly traſh.
O Grub-ſtreet! how do I bemoan thee,
Whoſe graceleſs children ſcorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They ſoon betray their native place:
Yet *thou* haſt greater cauſe to be
Aſham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since firſt the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty ſtill,
To purchaſe fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the *low ſublime!*
For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
Blackmore alone his place ſupply'd:
And, leſt a chaſm ſhould intervene,
When death had finiſh'd Blackmore's reign,
The *leaden crown* devolv'd to thee,
Great poet of the *hollow tree.*
But ah! how unſecure thy throne!
A thouſand bards thy right diſown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common-weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to *deſcend.*
In bulk there are not more degrees
From *elephants* to *mites* in cheeſe,

Than

Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worſe, and worſe they fall;
But who can reach the worſt of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite:
In poetry, the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For inſtance: when you rashly think,
No rhymer can like Welſted ſink,
His merits balanc'd, you ſhall find
The Laureat leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aſpiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops:
The reſt purſue as thick as hops.
With heads to points the gulph they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And, as their heels elated riſe,
Their heads attempt the nether ſkies.
O, what indignity and ſhame,
To proſtitute the Muſe's name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven deſign'd
The plagues and ſcourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and ſloth,
And every vice that nurſes both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch bleſt,
Whoſe virtues bear the ſtricteſt teſt;
Whom never faction could beſpatter,
Nor miniſter nor poet flatter;

What

What juſtice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of ſpirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confeſs'd the conquering hero ſtands.
Hydaſpes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chineſe,
Short by the knees, intreat for peace.
The *conſort* of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddeſs born and bred,
Appointed ſovereign judge to ſit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldeſt hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he ſhown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to ſecure
As long as ſun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddeſſes, in number five;
Duke William, ſweeteſt prince alive.
Now ſing the *miniſter of ſtate*,
Who ſhines alone without a mate.
Obſerve with what majeſtic port
This Atlas ſtands to prop the court:

Intent

Intent the rutoic [illegible] to pay,
Like [illegible] Earnes, or [illegible].
Thou great vengeance of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou [illegible],
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You chuse, to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breasts and sides Herculean,
He fix'd the *star* and *string cerulean*.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strow your bays:
Your panegyricks here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;

But

But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And ſwore the fawning raſcals ly'd.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thouſand times below it.
Tranſlate me now ſome lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in Heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either ſide;
They teach you how to ſplit a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal ſhare.
Yet why ſhould we be lac'd ſo ſtrait?
I 'll give my monarch butter-weight.
And reaſon good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his prieſts be duly paid,
Did ever we deſire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolſton gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera deſiderantur.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX. IMITATED. TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ.* 1733.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
O! too nice, and too ſevere!
Think not, that my *country* ſong
Shall diſpleaſe thy honeſt ear.

* Lord mayor of Dublin. N.

Choſen

Choſen ſtrains I proudly bring;
Which the Muſes' ſacred choir,
When they gods and heroes ſing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.

Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Juſt precedence ſtill maintains;
With ſacred rapture ſtill are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty ſtrains.

Still the old triumphant ſong,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly ſung,
Warns, inſtructs, and pleaſes well.

Nor has Time's all-darkening ſhade
In obſcure oblivion preſs'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken prieſt!

Gentle Sappho, love-ſick Muſe,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tendereſt notes infuſe
Melting rapture, ſoft deſire.

Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
By a painted fopling won,
Went not firſt, fair nymph, aſtray,
Fondly pleas'd to be undone.

Nor young Teucer's ſlaughtering bow,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful ſword,
Alone the terrors of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hoſtile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly liv'd and died, before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Wag'd the ten years famous war.

But their names, unſung, unwept,
Unrecorded, loſt and gone,
Long in endleſs night have ſlept,
And ſhall now no more be known.

Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well conſign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the ſepulchre
Some old king without a name.

But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful ſongs are read,
Old forgetful Time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er ſhall ſpread.

When the deep-cut notes ſhall fade
On the mouldering Parian ſtone,
On the braſs no more be read
The periſhing inſcription;

Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's curſed ſpite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
Loſt and ſunk in Stygian night:

Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou haſt done,
In full luſtre ſhall appear,
And outſhine th' unclouded ſun.

Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth ſtand;
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ſhip to land.

Falſely we call the rich man great;
He is only ſo that knows
His plentiful or ſmall eſtate
Wiſely to enjoy and uſe.

He, in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falſehood and diſhoneſty
More than death abhors and flies:

Flies from death! — No, meets it brave,
When the ſuffering ſo ſevere
May from dreadful bondage ſave
Clients, friends, or country dear.

This the ſovereign man, compleat;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wiſe; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art He.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY D'R. SHERIDAN. 1733.

"To make a writer miſs his end,
"You 've nothing elſe to do but mend.

I OFTEN try'd in vain to find
A *ſimile* for woman-kind,

A *ſimile*

A *ſimile* I mean to fit 'em,
In every circumſtance to hit 'em.
Through every beaſt and bird I went,
I ranſack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature
To find ſo whimſical a creature,
A *cloud* preſented to my view,
And ſtrait this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in ſuſpence and doubt,
Yet oft' perverſe, like woman-kind,
Are ſeen to ſcud againſt the wind:
And are not women juſt the ſame?
For, who can tell at what they aim?
Clouds keep the ſtouteſt mortals under,
When bellowing they diſcharge their thunder:
So when th' alarum-bell is rung
Of Xanti's everlaſting tongue,
The huſband dreads its loudneſs more
Than lightning's flaſh, or thunder's roar.
Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but womens' rain?
The *clouds* about the welkin roam;
And ladies never ſtay at home.
The *clouds* build caſtles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the ſchemes of their forecaſting
Are not more ſolid, nor more laſting.
A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark,
Such is a lady with her ſpark;

Now

Now with a ſudden pouting gloom
She ſeems to darken all the room;
Again ſhe 's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear when ſhe has ſmil'd.
In this they 're wondrouſly alike
(I hope the *ſimile* will ſtrike);
Though in the darkeſt dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you 'll ſee through them.
The *clouds* are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia, with ſmall provocation,
Blaſts every neighbour's reputation.
The *clouds* delight in gaudy ſhow
(For they, like ladies, have their bow);
The graveſt matron will confeſs,
That ſhe herſelf is fond of dreſs.
Obſerve the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
What various colours are diſplay'd;
The pink, the roſe, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the ſky;
How do theſe differ from our Graces,
In garden-ſilks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not ſuch another ſight,
When met upon a birth-day night?
The *clouds* delight to change their faſhion;
(Dear ladies, be not in a paſſion!)
Nor let this whim to you ſeem ſtrange,
Who every hour delight in change.
In them and you alike are ſeen
The ſullen ſymptoms of the ſpleen;

The moment that your vapours riſe,
We ſee them dropping from your eyes.
In evening fair you may behold
The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's caſe,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.
Grave matrons are like *clouds* of ſnow,
Their words fall thick, and ſoft, and ſlow;
While briſk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every ſide aſſail.
Clouds, when they intercept our ſight,
Deprive us of celeſtial light:
So when my Cloe I purſue,
No heaven beſides I have in view.
Thus, on compariſon, you ſee,
In every inſtance they agree,
So like, ſo very much the ſame,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a *cloud*.

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

PRESUMPTUOUS Bard! how could you dare
A woman with a *cloud* compare?
Strange pride and inſolence you ſhow
Inferior mortals *there* below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or ſo loud as theirs?

Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse?
We hardly thunder thrice a year;
The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear:
But every sublunary cloudy,
The more she lucids, the more she's cloudy.
Some critick may, or, perhaps,
That clouds are blam'd for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps athereal,
Compar'd for mischief to venereal?
Can clouds give bubo's, vicers, matches,
Or from your sides dig our notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound,
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy night
Foretell a storm to last till night.
A cloud in proper seasons pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.
When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages,
But woman is a curst inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her;
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fire-works, she can burn in water.

For fickleneſs how durſt you blame us,
Who for our conſtancy are famous?
You 'll ſee a *cloud* in gentle weather
Keep the ſame face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every ſecond.
Obſerve our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you gueſs from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we poſſeſs'd of old.
To diſappoint Ixion's rape
Jove dreſt a *cloud* in Juno's ſhape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he ſwore,
No goddeſs could have pleas'd him more;
No difference could he find between
His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen:
His *cloud* produc'd a race of Centaurs,
Fam'd for a thouſand bold adventures;
From us deſcended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*,
But ſay, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to paſs for Juno?
Before Æneas durſt aſpire
To court her majeſty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dreſs him,
That Dido might the more careſs him:
A coat we gave him, dy'd in grain,
A *flaxen* wig and *clouded* cane

(Th

(The wig was powder'd round with [illegible],
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet),
With which he made a tearing show,
And Dido quickly *[illegible]'s the [illegible]*.
Among your females make enquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as [illegible]
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a *cloud*.
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.
'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities;
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares.
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.
By his authority his plain
You worship other gods in vain,
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions!

You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp
(Who makes you think the *clouds* he pierces?
He pierce the *clouds*! he kiss their a—es);
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen-windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.
Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo stirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four.
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*.
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sun-shine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:

An

But gods like us have too much ſenſe
At poets flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.
We own your verſes are melodious;
But ſuch compariſons are odious.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

OR,

A NEW BALLAD, written by a SHOE-BOY, on an ATTORNEY who was formerly a SHOE-BOY.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc eſt contrarius atro."

WITH ſinging of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of ſhoes,
Did Hartley * ſet out, both ſhoeleſs and ſhirtleſs,
And moneyleſs too, but not very dirtleſs;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that 's all;
One bought him a *bruſh*, and one a *black ball*;
For clouts at a loſs he could not be much,
The cloaths on his back as being but ſuch;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with *clouts*, *ball*, and *bruſh*,
He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to puſh:
Veſpaſian *thus*, *being beſpatter'd with dirt*,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for 't.

* See the next poem.

But

But as a wiſe fiddler is noted, you know,
To have a good couple of ſtrings to one bow;
So Hartley judiciouſly thought it too little,
To live by the ſweat of his hands and his ſpittle:
He finds out another profeſſion as fit,
And ſtraight he becomes a retailer of wit.
One day he cried—"Murders, and ſongs, and great news!"
Another as loudly—"Here blacken your ſhoes!"
At Domvile's * full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up, and turning of ſpits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing:
Such baſtings effect upon *him* could have none;
The dog will be patient, that 's ſtruck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, obſerving this Hartley withal
So expert and ſo active at *bruſhes* and *ball*,
Was mov'd with compaſſion, and thought it a pity
A youth ſhould be loſt, that had been ſo witty:
Without more ado, he vamps up my ſpark,
And now we 'll ſuppoſe him an eminent clerk;
Suppoſe him an adept in all the degrees
Of ſcribbling *cum daſho*, and hooking of fees,
Suppoſe him a miſer, attorney *per* bill,
Suppoſe him a courtier — ſuppoſe what you will —
Yet would you believe, though I ſwore by the Bible,
That he took up two *news-boys* for crying the *libel*?

* Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper-office. N.

A FRIENDLY

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY,
FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE,
By Way of Defence of HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, Esq.

" But he by bawling news about,
" And aptly uſing bruſh and clout,
" A juſtice of the peace became,
" To puniſh rogues who do the ſame." HUD.

By JAMES BLACKWELL, Operator for the Feet.

SING the man of courage try'd,
O'er-run with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out diſgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The firſt who made (let none deny it),
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we muſt own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd I mean; — for who would chuſe
So vile a ſubject for the Muſe?
'Twas once the nobleſt of his wiſhes
To fill his paunch with ſcraps from diſhes,
For which he 'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the *jack's* ſlow-riſing weight
(Such toils as beſt his talents fit),
Or poliſh *ſhoes*, or turn the *ſpit*;
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
'Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
:akes the dirty road to fame;

Believes

Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;
So, with a Colonel* at his back,
The Libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another Patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than alderman o'ercharg'd with liquor;
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleas'd to live to future times,
Though but in keen satiric rhymes.
So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libelers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated Father Jove aloud,
Only in light to shew his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.
And so th' Ephesian villain fir'd
The temple which the world admir'd,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

* Colonel Ker, a mere Scotchman, Lieutenant Colonel to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence against the printer. IRISH ED.

DR.

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD ON BALLYSPELLIN*.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyſpellin.

Though pox or itch your ſkins enrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your ſkin before you've been
A month at Ballyſpellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When ſhe comes from her dwelling,
The kindling roſe within it glows
When ſhe's at Ballyſpellin.

The ſooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back ſhe goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyſpellin.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair
As Roſe, or bright Dunkelling:
And Mars might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at Ballyſpellin.

* A famous ſpaw in the county of Kilkenny, where the Doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite lady. N.

We

Death throws no darts through all theſe parts,
No ſextons here are knelling:
Come, judge and try, you 'll never die,
But *live* at Ballyſpellin;

Except you feel darts tipt with ſteel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyſpellin.

Good chear, ſweet air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte, your ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſported much
Each day at Ballyſpellin.

Within this ground we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Cælia's ſake,
All night at Ballyſpellin.

There all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyſpellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
Unleſs I ſhould bring hell in;
But, ſince I'm here to heaven ſo near,
I can't at Ballyſpellin!

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

BY. DR. SWIFT*.

DARE you dispute, you lousy scum,
And think there's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and [illegible]
You give to Ballyspellin.

Howe'er you bounce, I have pronounce,
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and [illegible],
When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their [illegible],
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than they [illegible],
From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honest doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling;
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and tongues,
That met at Ballyspellin.

* This answer was resented by Dr. Sheridan, as an affront on himself and the lady he attended to the spaw. N.

Our laſſes fair, ſay what you dare,
Who ſowing make with ſhelling,
At Market-hill more beaux cap kill,
Than yours at Ballyſpellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah ſtript,
To waſh herſelf our well in;
A bum ſo white ne'er came in ſight,
At paultry Ballyſpellin.

Your mawkins there ſmocks hempen wear,
Of Holland not an ell in;
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyſpellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling;
Becauſe he gets a few griſettes
At louſy Ballyſpellin.

There 's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Juſt o'er againſt The Bell-inn;
Where can you meet a laſs ſo ſweet,
Round all your Ballyſpellin?

We have a girl deſerves an earl;
She came from Enniſkillin:
So fair, ſo young, no ſuch among
The belles at Ballyſpellin.

How would you ſtare, to ſee her there,
The foggy miſt diſpelling,
That clouds the brows of every blowſe
Who lives at Ballyſpellin!

Now as I live, I would not give
A ſtiver for a ſkellin,
To towſe and kiſs the faireſt miſs
That leaks at Ballyſpellin.

Whoe'er will raiſe ſuch lies as theſe
Deſerves a good cudgélling:
Who falſely boaſts of belles and toaſts,
At dirty Ballyſpellin.

My rhymes are gone, to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as thoſe you write,
To force in Ballyſpellin.

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. VI.
PARAPHRASED.

IF noiſy Tom * ſhould in the ſenate prate,
"That he would anſwer both for church and ſtate;
"And, further to demonſtrate his affection,
"Would take the kingdom into his protection:"
All mortals muſt be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his ſire?
"What! thou, the ſpawn of him † who ſham'd our iſle,
"That traitor, aſſaſſin, informer vile!

* Sir Thomas Prendergaſt. IRISH ED.

† The father of Sir Thomas P——, who engaged in a plot to murder king William III; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer againſt his aſſociates, for which he was rewarded with a good eſtate, and made a baronet. *Ibid.*

" Though by the female ſide * you proudly bring,
" To mend your breed, the murderer of a king:
" What was thy grandſire † but a mountaineer,
" Who held a cabbin for ten groats a year;
" Whoſe maſter Moore ‡ preſerv'd him from the halter,
" For ſtealing cows; nor could he read the Pſalter!
" Durſt thou, ungrateful, from the ſenate chace
" Thy founder's grandſon §, and uſurp his place?
" Juſt heaven! to ſee the dunghill baſtard brood
" Survive in thee, and make the proverb good ‖!
" Then vote a worthy citizen ** to jail,
" In ſpite of juſtice, and refuſe his bail!"

* Cadogan's family. IRISH ED.

† A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell aſſizes to be hanged for ſtealing cows. Ibid.

‡ The grandfather of Guy Moore, eſq; who procured him a pardon. Ibid.

§ Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonme, but Sir Thomas, depending upon his intereſt with a certain party then prevailing, and ſince known by the title of Parſon-hunters, petitioned the houſe againſt him; out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be. Ibid.

‖ " Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut " your throat." Ibid.

** Mr. George Faulkner. See the verſes in the following page. N.

On

On a PRINTER'S being ſent to NEWGATE.

BETTER we all were in our graves
Than live in ſlavery to ſlaves,
Worſe than the anarchy at ſea,
Where fiſhes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiors as our tyrants;
And ſwagger while the coaſt is clear:
But, ſhould a lordly pike appear,
Away you ſee the varlet ſcud,
Or hide his coward ſnout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet ſtill has impudence to riſe,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT*,

WITH a whirl of thought oppreſs'd,
I ſunk from reverie to reſt.
An horrid viſion ſeiz'd my head,
I ſaw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrors, burſts the ſkies,
And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world ſtands trembling at his throne!

* That this poem is the genuine production of the Dean, Lord Cheſterfield bears ample teſtimony in his Letter to M. Voltaire, Aug. 27, 1752. N.

While each pale ſinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, ſhook the heavens, and ſaid:
" Offending race of human-kind,
" By nature, reaſon, *learning*, blind;
" You who, through frailty, ſtepp'd aſide;
" And you who never fell, *through pride*;
" You who in different ſects were ſhamm'd,
" And come to ſee each other damn'd
" (So ſome folk told you, but they knew
" No more of Jove's deſigns than you);
" —The world's mad buſineſs now is o'er,
" And I reſent theſe pranks no more.
" —I to ſuch blockheads ſet my wit!
" I damn ſuch fools!—Go, go, you 're *bit*."

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND BY DR. J. SICAN*.

—[Horace ſpeaking]

YOU 'VE read, Sir, in poetic ſtrain,
How Varus and the Mantuan ſwain
Have on my birth-day been invited
(But I was forc'd in verſe to write it)

* This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunate murdered in Italy. N.

Up

Upon a plain repaſt to dine,
And taſte my old Campanian wine;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation;
And, though I 'm us'd to right Falernian,
I 'll deign for once to taſte Iernian;
But fearing that you might diſpute
(Had I put on my common ſuit)
My breeding and my *politeſſe*,
I viſit in a birth-day dreſs;
My coat of pureſt Turkey red,
With gold embroidery richly ſpread;
To which I 've ſure as good pretenſions
As Iriſh lords who ſtarve on penſions.
What though proud miniſters of ſtate
Did at your anti-chamber wait;
What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns
Have at your levee paid attendance;
And Peterborough and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,
Have laid aſide the general's ſtaff
And public cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I ſome friends as good can name,
Nor leſs the darling ſons of Fame;
For ſure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good ſtateſmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley;

And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I 'll match him with my Druſus Nero.
You 'll boaſt, perhaps, your favourite Pope;
But Virgil is as good, I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helſham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian iſle Hippocrates;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bleſs'd another clime.
You 'll plead perhaps, at my requeſt,
To be admitted as a gueſt,
"Your hearing 's bad!"—But why ſuch fears?
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reaſon wiſely took
The form you ſee me in, a book.
Attack'd by ſlow-devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadlieſt foes,
By Creech's rhymes and Dunſter's proſe;
I found my boaſted wit and fire
In their rude hands almoſt expire:
Yet ſtill they but in vain aſſail'd;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blaſt deſtroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miſs'd their aim;
Since all my ſpirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to ſave theſe ſmall remains
From future pedants' muddy brains,

And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You beſt know how—which way?—TRANSLATE.

ON PSYCHE*.

AT two afternoon for our Pſyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle 's on, and her ſmock at the fire:
So loitering, ſo active; ſo buſy, ſo idle;
Which hath ſhe moſt need of, a ſpur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm place.
She gives you ſuch plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To pleaſe you, ſhe knows how to chuſe a nice bit;
For her taſte is almoſt as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, ſhe will trace every market,
It would do your heart good, to ſee how ſhe will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts; for, it plainly appears,
She ſaves half her victuals, by feeding your ears.

THE DEAN AND DUKE. 1734.

JAMES BRYDGES and the Dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd; of courſe their friendſhip ends:
But ſure the Dean deſerves a ſharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boaſt he knows the Duke.
Yet, ſince juſt Heaven the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is loſt by ſtocks,

* Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady, mother to the author of the preceding poem. N.

His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The Duke and Dean ſeem near upon a level.
Oh! wert thou not a Duke, my good Duke Humphry,
From bailiff's claws thou ſcarce could'ſt keep thy bum free.
A Duke to know a Dean! go, ſmooth thy crown:
Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a Duke thou art; ſo pleas'd the King:
Oh! would his Majeſty but add a ſtring!

ON

DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY*,

MAKE Rundle biſhop! fie for ſhame!
An Arian to uſurp the name!
A biſhop in the iſle of Saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred hoſt
Confer on him the Holy Ghoſt;
In mother-church to breed a variance,
By coupling Orthodox with Arians?
Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it ſtrange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence,
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at moſt,
Who know there is an Holy Ghoſt:

* Promoted to that ſee in February, 1734-5. N.

The

The reſt, who boaſt they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Epheſians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.
Rundle a biſhop! well he may;
He 's ſtill a Chriſtian more than they.
We know the ſubject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, ſenſe, and morals.
There is a reaſon ſtill more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity.
Has every circumſtance to pleaſe us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jeſus.
But why ſhould he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
For liberty a champion ſtout,
Though not ſo goſpel-ward devout.
While others, hither ſent to ſave us,
Came but to plunder and enſlave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon and the German line.
Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who ſhew'd a better *jus divinum*?
From antient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *epiſcopari*.
Our biſhop's predeceſſor, Magus,
Would offer all the ſands of Tagus;
Or ſell his children, houſe, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay-on hands:

But

But all his gold could not avail
To have the Spirit ſet to ſale.
Said ſurly Peter, "Magus, pr'ythee,
"Be gone: thy money periſh with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a ſcore of chaps:
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thouſand pounds a year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handy-work of God;
Though e'en the biſhops diſappointed
Muſt own it made by God's anointed,
And, well we know, the *congé* regal
Is more ſecure as well as legal;
Becauſe our lawyers all agree,
That biſhopricks are held in fee.
Dear Baldwin chaſe, and witty Croſſe,
How ſorely I lament your loſs!
That ſuch a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should ſlip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been ſo much better.

EPIGRAM.

FRIEND Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadſt been better ſped,
Had thou been join'd to Boulter's head:
A head, ſo weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHA-

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, and DESCRIPTION of the LEGION-CLUB. 1736.

AS I ſtroll the city, oft' I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-ſhot from the college;
Half the globe from ſenſe and knowledge:
By the prudent architect,
Plac'd againſt the church direct,
Making good my grand-dame's jeſt,
"Near the church" — you know the reſt.
Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
Theſe demoniacks let me dub
With the name of Legion-club.
Such aſſemblies, you might ſwear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noiſe, and ſuch haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and ſuch a rabble
Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble;
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far leſs villain's noſe.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the ſtones, and melt the lead;

Drive them down on every ſcull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite deſtroy the harpies' neſt;
How might then our iſle be bleſt!
For Divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the Goſpel will inform us,
He can puniſh ſins enormous.
Yet ſhould Swift endow the ſchools,
For his lunatics and fools,
With a rood or two of land;
I allow the pile may ſtand,
You perhaps will aſk me, Why ſo?
But it is with this proviſo:
Since the houſe is like to laſt,
Let the royal grant be paſs'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a paſſage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they ſit a-picking ſtraws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and ſtarve the city;
Let them ſtare, and ſtorm, and frown,
When they ſee a clergy-gown;

Let

Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills.
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their voice.
Let Sir Tom *, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with fax and grass;
But, before the priest he hooks,
Tear the [illegible]
At the parsons, Tom, [illegible],
Worthy offspring of a [illegible],
Footman, traitor, [illegible],
Perjur'd rebel, [illegible],
Lay [illegible]
Sprung from papists, and a [illegible];
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.
Come, assist me, Muse obedient!
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
See, the Muse unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the soul!
Styx, through hell whose waters roll!

* A privy-counsellor, mentioned in p. 337. N.

Let

Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.
Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crouded round with antic ſhapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Cauſeleſs Joy, and true Deſpair;
Diſcord periwigg'd with ſnakes,
See the dreadful ſtrides ſhe takes!
By this odious crew beſet,
I began to rage and fret,
And reſolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whiſper'd me, "Lay down your ſtick."
What, ſaid I, is this the *mad-houſe?*
Theſe, ſhe anſwer'd, are but ſhadows,
Phantoms bodileſs and vain,
Empty viſions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus ſtands,
Shews a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the ſecretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.
Clio, who had been ſo wiſe
To put on a fool's diſguiſe,
To beſpeak ſome approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When ſhe ſaw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild diſputes,

Roaring

Roaring till their lungs were ſpent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durſt a Muſe before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, ſtifled with the ſmell,
Into ſpleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian ſteams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the ſtench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her noſe;
Had ſhe flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddeſs, muſt expire.
In a fright ſhe crept away;
Bravely I reſolv'd to ſtay.
When I ſaw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, ſaid I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featur'd brawler?
Is it Satan? No, 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dreſs
Jack the grandſon of Sir Hardreſs?
Honeſt keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murder;
See the ſcowling viſage drop,
Juſt as when he murder'd T—p.

Keeper,

Keeper, ſhew me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks;
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might ſwear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiſs,
Toaſt Old Glorious in your piſs;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them ſtarve and ſtink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Laſh them daily, laſh them duly;
Though 'tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard ſmoke,
Sweetly ſnoring in his cloak:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompaſs'd by his kin:
There obſerve the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring them;
While he ſleeps the whole debate,
They ſubmiſſive round him wait;
Yet would gladly ſee the hunks
In his grave, and ſearch his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Juſt to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court, againſt the nation.
Thoſe are A—s Jack and Bob,
Firſt in every wicked job,

Son

Son and brother to a queer
Brainſick brute, they call a peer.
We muſt give them better quarter,
For their anceſtor trod mortar,
And H—th, to boaſt his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.

There ſit Clements, D—ks, and Harriſon:
How they ſwagger from their garriſon!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this ſide hell?
Harriſon, and D—ks, and Clements,
Keeper, ſee they have their payments,
Every miſchief 's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bleſs us, Morgan! art thou there, man!
Bleſs mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful ſight! what! learned Morgan
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a ſtone.
Haſt thou been ſo long at ſchool,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a diſobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!

The meſſage told, he gapes, and ſtares,
And ſcarce believe his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it ſhould mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'ſquire ſo trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver bruſh'd, his ſhoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Paſſes the lower caſtle-yard,
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of ſtate;
For, conſcious of his ſheepiſh gait,
His ſpirits of a ſudden fail'd him;
He ſtopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.
What was the meſſage I receiv'd?
Why certainly the Captain rav'd!
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impoſſible! it can't be me.
Or may be I miſtook the word;
My Lady — it muſt be my Lord.
My Lord 's abroad; my Lady too:
What muſt th' unhappy Doctor do?
"Is Captain Cracherode here, pray?" — "No;
"Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I 'm ſure be call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could ſpeak;
And yet there muſt be ſome miſtake.

Why, what a jeſt ſhould I have been,
Had now my Lady been within!
What could I 've ſaid? I 'm mighty glad
She went abroad — ſhe 'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is paſt:
Well then, I 'll e'en go home and faſt;
And, ſince I 'ſcap'd being made a ſcoff,
I think I 'm very fairly off.
My Lady now returning home,
Calls, "Cracherode, is the Doctor come?"
He had not heard of him — "Pray ſee,
"'Tis now a quarter after three."
The Captain walks about, and ſearches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the ſervants round,
In vain — no Doctor 's to be found.
My Lady could not chuſe but wonder:
"Captain, I fear you 've made ſome blunders:
"But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
"I 'll try his manners once again;
"If rudeneſs be th' effect of knowledge,
"My ſon ſhall never ſee a college."
The Captain was a man of reading,
And much good ſenſe, as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame, or to incenſe,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another meſſage brought:
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dreſs'd, and ſtealing through the croud,
Now pale as death, then bluſh'd and bow'd,

Panting — and faultering — humm'd and ha'd,
" Her Ladyſhip was gone abroad;
" The Captain too — he did not know
" Whether he ought to ſtay or go;"
Begg'd ſhe 'd forgive him. In concluſion,
My Lady, pitying his confuſion,
Call'd her good-nature to relieve him;
Told him, ſhe thought ſhe might believe him;
And would not only grant his ſuit,
But viſit him, and eat ſome fruit;
Provided, at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpoſe to oppoſe,
She 'd hear of no excuſe in proſe.
The Doctor ſtood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So, bowing, ſeemingly comply'd;
Though, if he durſt, he had deny'd:
But firſt, reſolv'd to ſhew his taſte,
Was too refin'd to give a feaſt:
He 'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain magnificence:
For well he knew, to ſuch a gueſt
The plaineſt meals muſt be the beſt.
To ſtomachs clogg'd with coſtly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
Whilſt high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats.

Inſtead

Inſtead of ſpoils of Perſian looms,
The coſtly boaſts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and diſcreet
To ſcatter roſes at her feet;
Roſes of richeſt dye, that ſhone
With native luſtre, like her own:
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every ſenſe to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well ſhe knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing — at leaſt thought fit
To praiſe it *par maniere d' acquit.*
Yet ſhe, though ſeeming pleas'd, can't bear
The ſcorching ſun, or chilling air;
Diſturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he ſhews or hides his beams:
Though ſeeming pleas'd at all ſhe ſees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees;
And ſcarce can ſpeak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigued to death.
The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence:
" Madam, the mighty power of uſe
" Now ſtrangely pleads in my excuſe:
" If you unus'd have ſcarcely ſtrength
" To gain this walk's untoward length;
" If, frighten'd at a ſcene ſo rude,
" Through long diſuſe of ſolitude;
" If, long confin'd to fires and ſcreens,
" You dread the waving of theſe greens;

" If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
" Of city-fogs and crouded rooms,
" Do now ſolicitouſly ſhun
" The cooler air and dazzling ſun;
" If his majeſtic eye you flee,
" Learn hence t' excuſe and pity me.
" Conſider what it is to bear
" The powder'd courtier's witty ſneer;
" To ſee th' important man of dreſs
" Scoffing my college-aukwardneſs;
" To be the ſtrutting cornet's ſport,
" To run the gauntlet of the court,
" Winning my way by ſlow approaches,
" Through crouds of coxcombs and of coaches,
" From the firſt fierce cockaded centry,
" Quite through the tribe of waiting-gentry;
" To paſs ſo many crouded ſtages,
" And ſtand the ſtaring of your pages;
" And, after all, to crown my ſpleen,
" Be told — " You are not to be ſeen:"
" Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
" The awe of your majeſtic air.
" And can I then be faulty found,
" In dreading this vexatious round?
" Can it be ſtrange, if I eſchew
" A ſcene ſo glorious and ſo new?
" Or is he criminal that flies
" The living luſtre of your eyes?"

THE

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my ſervants much enrages,
No ſcraps remain to ſave board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing ſpend,
But often ſpunge upon a friend:
Yet, where he 's not ſo rich as I,
I pay my club, and ſo good b' ye.

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

APPLES.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conſcience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are ſeven,
I wiſh them in Heaven;
My huſband a ſot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain them,
And I muſt maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

ASPARAGUS.

RIPE 'ſparagraſs,
Fit for lad or laſs,
To make their water paſs:
O, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken!

ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the ſmell,
Here are delicate onions to ſell,
I promiſe to uſe you well.
They make the blood warmer;
You 'll feed like a farmer:
For this is every cook's opinion,
No ſavoury diſh without an onion;
But, leſt your kiſſing ſhould be ſpoil'd,
Your onions muſt be throughly boil'd:
Or elſe you may ſpare
Your miſtreſs a ſhare,
The ſecret will never be known;
She cannot diſcover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as ſweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHARMING oyſters I cry:
My maſters, come buy,
So plump and ſo freſh,
So ſweet is their fleſh,

No

No Colcheſter oyſter
Is ſweeter and moiſter;
Your ſtomach they ſettle,
And rouſe up your mettle;
They 'll make you a dad
Of a laſs or a lad;
And madam your wife
They 'll pleaſe to the life;
Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
Be ſhe ſlut, or be ſhe ſcold,
Eat my oyſters, and lye near her,
She 'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

BE not ſparing,
Leave off ſwearing,
Buy my herring
Freſh from Malahide *,
Better never was try'd.
Come, eat them with pure freſh butter and muſtard,
Their bellies are ſoft, and as white as a cuſtard.
Come, ſix-pence a dozen to get me ſome bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I ſoon ſhall be dead.

ORANGES.

COME buy my fine oranges, fruce for your veal,
And charming when ſqueez'd in a pot of brown ale;
Well roaſted, with ſugar and wine in a cup,
They 'll make a ſweet biſhop when gentle-folks ſup.

* Near Dublin.

ON

ON ROVER. A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER*.

HAPPIEST of the ſpaniel-race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck ſo ſmooth and round,
Little neck with ribbons bound;
And the *muſcly* ſwelling breaſt
Where the Loves and Graces reſt;
And the ſpreading even back,
Soft, and ſleek, and gloſſy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the ſilky twiſted hair,
Shadowing thick the *velvet* ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the *veiny* temples flow.
With a proper light and ſhade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, myſtic power)
In a *downy* ſlumber place
Happieſt of the Spaniel race;
While the ſoft perſpiring Dame,
Glowing with the ſofteſt flame,

* In ridicule of Philips's poem on Miſs Carteret and written, it has been ſaid, "to affront the lady "of archbiſhop Boulter." N.

On

On the ravish'd favourite powrs
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers:
With thy utmost skill expresse
Nature in her richest dress,
Limpid *rivers* smoothly flowing,
Orchards by their *rivers* blowing;
Curling *wood-bine*, *myrtle* shade,
And the gay enamel'd *mead*;
Where the *linnets* lie and sing,
Little sportlings of the Spring:
Where the breathing field and grove
Sooth the heart, and kindle love;
Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colours of resemblance chuse,
Make of *lineaments* divine,
Daply female *spaniels* shine,
Pretty *fondlings* of the line,
Gentle *damsels*, gentle *cares*;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Croud each feature, croud each *grace*,
Which compleat the desperate face;
Let the spotted wanton Dame
Feel a new resistless flame;
Let the happiest of his *race*
Win the fair to his *embrace*.
But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to sight their joys reveal,
Lest the *pencil* and the Muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

AY AND NO,

A TALE FROM DUBLIN. 1737.

AT Dublin's high feaſt ſate Primate and Dean,
Both dreſs'd like divines, with band and face clean.
Quoth Hugh of Armagh *, "The mob is grown bold."
"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cauſe is old gold."
"No, no," quoth the Primate, "if cauſes we ſift,
"This miſchief ariſes from witty Dean Swift."
The ſmart one replied, "There 's no wit in the caſe;
"And nothing of that ever troubled your Grace.
"Though with your ſtate-ſieve your own notions you
"ſplit,
"A Boulter by name is no *bolter* of wit.
"It is matter of weight, and a mere money-jobb;
"But the lower the coin, the higher the mob.
"Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,
"That ſinking the coin is a dangerous joke.
"The Iriſh dear-joys have enough common ſenſe,
"To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.
"It is pity a Prelate ſhould die without law;
"But if I ſay the word — take care of Armagh!"

Dr. SWIFT's Anſwer to a Friend's Queſtion.

THE furniture that beſt doth pleaſe
St. Patrick's Dean, good Sir, are theſe:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And, next, the pot that boils the meat;

* Dr. Hugh Boulter.

The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glaſs in which I drink;
The ſhelves on which my books I keep;
And the bed on which I ſleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the ſtore that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintery night;
To theſe we add a thing below,
More for uſe reſerv'd than ſhow:
Theſe are what the Dean do pleaſe;
All ſuperfluous are but theſe.

APOLLO'S EDICT*.

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our Viceroy there;
How near was ſhe to be undone,
Till pious love inſpir'd her Son!
What cannot our Vicegerent do,
As Poet and as Patriot too?
Let his ſucceſs our ſubjects ſway,
Our inſpirations to obey,
And follow where He leads the way;
Then ſtudy to correct your taſte;
Nor *beaten* paths be longer trac'd.

* This poem was originally written in 1720; the latter part of it was re-publiſhed in 1743, on the death of the Counteſs of Donegal. N.

No

No ſimile ſhall be begun,
With *riſing* or with ſetting ſun;
And let the *ſecret head of Nile*
Be ever baniſh'd from your iſle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you 'll the Camelion ſpare;
And, when you 'd make a hero grander,
Forget he 's like a Salamander.
No ſon of mine ſhall dare to ſay,
Aurora uſher'd in the Day,
Or ever name the *milky-way.*
You all agree, I make no doubt,
Elijah's *mantle* is worn out.
The *bird of Jove* ſhall toil no more
To teach the humble Wren to ſoar.
Your Tragic Heroes ſhall not rant,
Nor Shepherds uſe *poetic cant.*
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
Theocritus and Philips be
Your guides to *true* ſimplicity.
When Damon's *ſoul ſhall take its flight,*
Though Poets have the ſecond-ſight,
They ſhall not ſee a *trail of light.*
Nor ſhall the *vapours upward rife,*
Nor a *new ſtar* adorn the ſkies:
For who can hope to place one there,
As glorious as Belinda's *hair?*
Yet, if his name you 'd eternize,
And muſt exalt him to the ſkies;

Without

Without a *ſtar*, this may be done:
So Tickell mourn'd his Addiſon.
If Anna's happy reign you praiſe,
Pray, not a word of *halcyon-days*;
Nor let my votaries ſhew their ſkill
In aping lines from Cooper's-Hill;
For know, I cannot bear to hear
The mimickry of *deep, yet clear*.
Whene'er my Viceroy is addreſs'd,
Againſt the Phœnix I proteſt.
When Poets ſoar in youthful ſtrains,
No Phaëton to hold the reins.
When you deſcribe a lovely girl,
No lips of *coral*, teeth of *pearl*.
Cupid ſhall ne'er miſtake another,
However beauteous, for his mother:
Nor ſhall his darts at random fly
From magazine in Cælia's eye.
With women-compounds I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
For foreign aid, what need they roam,
Whom Fate has amply bleſt at home?
Unerring Heaven, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land,
Whom Jove endow'd with every grace;
The glory of the Granard race;
Now deſtin'd by the powers divine
The bleſſing of another line.
Then, would you paint a matchleſs dame,
Whom you 'd conſign to endleſs fame?

Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid;
Nor need you on the Graces call; —
Take qualities from Donegal.

EPIGRAM*.

BEHOLD! a proof of Iriſh ſenſe!
Here Iriſh wit is ſeen!
When nothing's left, that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

EPIGRAMS, occaſioned by Dr. SWIFT's intended Hoſpital for IDEOTS and LUNATICKS.

I.

THE Dean muſt die — our Ideots to maintain.
Periſh, ye Ideots! and long live the Dean!

* The Dean, in his lunacy, had ſome intervals of ſenſe; at which time his guardians, or phyſicians, took him out for the air. On one of theſe days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never ſeen, and aſked what it was deſigned for. To which Dr. Kingſbury anſwered, "That, Mr. "Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the "ſecurity of the city." "Oh! oh!" ſays the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an *item* of "that. This is worth remarking: my tablets, as "Hamlet ſays, my tablets — memory put down that!" — Which produced the above lines, ſaid to be the laſt he ever wrote. N.

II. O GENIUS

II.

O GENIUS of Hibernia's ſtate,
Sublimely good, ſeverely great!
How doth this lateſt act excel
All you have done or wrote ſo well!
Satire may be the child of ſpite,
And Fame might bid the Drapier write:
But to relieve, and to endow,
Creatures that know not whence or how,
Argues a ſoul both good and wiſe,
Reſembling *Him* who rules the ſkies.
He to the thoughtful mind diſplays
Immortal ſkill ten thouſand ways;
And, to compleat his glorious taſk,
Gives what we have not ſenſe to aſk!

III.

LO! Swift to Ideots bequeaths his ſtore:
Be wiſe, ye rich! — conſider thus the poor!

On the DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S Birth-day *,

Nov. 30, ST. ANDREW'S-DAY.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
When half the world to reſt were gone,
Intranc'd in ſofteſt ſleep I lay,
Forgetful of an anxious day;
From every care and labour free,
My ſoul as calm as it could be.

* See, in Parnell's Poems, an elegant compliment on the ſame occaſion. N.

The Queen of Dreams, well pleas'd to find
An undiſturb'd and vacant mind,
With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
And there ſhe drew St. Patrick's Dean.
I ſtraight beheld on either hand
Two Saints, like Guardian Angels, ſtand,
And either claim'd him for their ſon;
And thus the high diſpute begun.
St. Andrew firſt, with reaſon ſtrong,
Maintain'd to him he did belong:
"Swift is my own, by right divine,
"All born upon this day are mine."
St. Patrick ſaid, "I own this true,
"So far he does belong to you:
"But in my church he 's born again,
"My ſon adopted, and my Dean.
"When firſt the *Chriſtian-truth* I ſpread,
"The poor within this iſle I fed,
"And darkeſt errors baniſh'd hence,
"Made knowledge in their place commence;
"Nay more, at my divine command,
"All *noxious creatures* fled the land.
"I made both Peace and Plenty ſmile,
"Hibernia was my favourite iſle;
"Now *his* — for he ſucceeds to me,
"Two *angels* cannot more agree.
"His joy is, to relieve the poor;
"Behold them weekly at his door!
"His knowledge too, in brighteſt *rays*,
"He like the ſun to all conveys,

"Shews

" Shews *wiſdom* in a ſingle page,
" And in one hour inſtructs an age.
" When ruin lately ſtood around
" Th' incloſures of my *ſcared grounds*,
" He glorioufly did interpoſe,
" And ſav'd it from invading foes;
" For this I claim immortal Swift,
" As my own ſon, and Heaven's beſt gift."
The Caledonian Saint, enrag'd,
Now cloſer in diſpute engag'd,
Eſſays to prove, by tranſmigration,
The Dean is of the Scottiſh nation;
And, to confirm the truth, he choſe
The loyal ſoul of great Montroſe.
" Montroſe and He are both the ſame,
" They only differ in the name:
" Both, heroes in a righteous cauſe,
" Aſſert their liberties and laws;
" He 's now the ſame, Montroſe was then,
" But that the *ſword* is turn'd a *pen*;
" A *pen* of ſo great power, each word
" Defends beyond the hero's *ſword*."
Now words grew high — we can't ſuppoſe
Immortals ever come to blows;
But, leſt unruly paſſion ſhould
Degrade them into fleſh and blood,
An *angel* quick from Heaven deſcends,
And he at once the conteſt ends:
" Ye reverend pair, from diſcord ceaſe,
" Ye both miſtake the preſent caſe;

" One *kingdom* cannot have pretence
" To ſo much virtue! ſo much ſenſe:
" Search Heaven's record; and there you 'll find,
" That He was born for all mankind."

EPISTLE to ROBERT NUGENT, Esq; with a PICTURE of DEAN SWIFT.

BY DR. DUNKIN*.

TO gratify thy long deſire
(So Love and Piety require),
From Bindon's † colours you may trace
The Patriot's venerable face,
The laſt, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchleſs monarch of the pen
(Whoſe labours, like the genial ſun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the ſun, decline,
But in their full meridian ſhine),
That ever-honour'd, envied Sage,
So long the wonder of his age,
Who charm'd us with his golden ſtrain,
Is not the ſhadow of the Dean:

* This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at a period when all ſuſpicion of flattery muſt vaniſh, reflects the higheſt honour on the ingenious Writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Dr. Swift. N.

† Samuel Bindon, eſq; a celebrated painter. N.

He

He only breathes Bœotian air —
"Oh! what a falling-off was there!"
Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die;
And what remains against the ſtorm
Of Malice, but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That ſtood the bulwark of this iſle;
In which the ſiſterhood was fix'd
Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
Impartial Reaſon, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffuſing round,
In cheerful rivulets, the flow
Of Fortune to the ſons of woe?
Such once, my Nugent, was thy bride,
Endued with each exalted gift.
But, lo! the pure æthereal flame
Is darken'd by a miſty ſteam:
The balm exhauſted breathes no ſmell,
The roſe is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike ſupplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction ſtem,
Is but a ſhell without the gem.
Ye ſons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlaſting fame,
And, in the field of letter'd arts,
Diſplay the trophies of your parts,
To yonder manſion turn aſide,
And mortify your growing pride.

Behold the brighteſt of the race,
And Nature's honour, in diſgrace:
With humble reſignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanc'd for uſe,
Which you ſhould ſtudy to produce.
Reflect, the mental ſtock, alas!
However current now it paſs,
May haply be recall'd from you
Before the Grave demands his due.
Then, while your morning-ſtar proceeds,
Direct your courſe to worthy deeds,
In fuller day diſcharge your debts;
For, when your ſun of reaſon ſets,
The night ſucceeds; and all your ſchemes
Of glory vaniſh with your dreams.

Ah! where is now the ſupple train,
That danc'd attendance on the Dean?
Say, where are thoſe facetious folks,
Who ſhook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wiſdom, dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high diſdainful pride
On all the buſy world beſide,
And rated his productions more
Than treaſures of Peruvian ore?

Good Chriſtians! they with bended knees
Ingulph'd the wine, but loath the lees,
Averting (ſo the text commands),
With ardent eyes and up-caſt hands,

The

The cup of ſorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats from ſinking ſhips.
While ſome, who by his friendſhip roſe
To wealth, in concert with his foes,
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mungrils, in requitals
To riot on their maſter's vitals;
And, where they cannot blaſt his laurels,
Attempt to ſtigmatize his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying-glaſs
His foibles view, but virtues paſs,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The ſpawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The ſounder members traverſe o'er,
But fix and fatten on a ſore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his ſtyle;
Since all the monſters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourſelves, and not the painter.
But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving ſoul of all,
The ſleeping ſpirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his paſt heroic deeds,

In manſions of unbroken reſt,
The bright republick of the bleſs'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refin'd;
And theſe the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
Yet, while he drags the ſad remains
Of life, ſlow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muſe attends,
To prop his feeble ſteps, or ſhed
The pious tear around his bed.
So Pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd Saints,
Inſcribe their worth in artleſs lines,
And, in their ſtead, embrace their ſhrines.

INSCRIPTION intended for a MONUMENT. 1765.

SAY, to the Drapier's vaſt unbounded fame,
What added honours can the Sculptor give?
None. — 'Tis a ſanction from the Drapier's name
Muſt bid the Sculptor and his Marble live.

EPIGRAM occaſioned by the above INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier *birth* two realms contend;
And each aſſerts her Poet, Patriot, Friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loſs Iernia's laurel ſhall ſupply:
Through life's low vale, ſhe, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal ſtones ſhall vindicate him dead.

1766. B. N.

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